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BY BERRY.

RECENTLY I had been tormented for some days by nervous agitation, when, reclining upon my bed in the hush of the evening, the subdued strains of distant music were borne to my ear through the open casement, ministering to my perturbed spirit a pensive tranquillity. My thoughts straggled from the page I had been fitfully perusing, the book dropped from my hand, and I slid into a gentle reverie. Memory revelled amid the fascinating scenes of early boyhood. The past gave up its dead; joys, glowing anticipations all freshness, truant pleasures, merry laughter, tears, the intensity of early pathos—a glorious resurrection! Once again I was despoiling thy orchards, angling in thy brooks, inhaling thy salubrious breezes, threading the shady arcades of thy woods, and bounding over thy grassy-mantled fields, O familiar of the heyday of my impulses and impressions, pleasant, beloved Byberry!

Near where Delaware rolls his ample flood, in the county of Philadelphia, a hundred and seventy years ago, some families of English Quakers, having built for themselves the rude habitations of pioneers and erected an unpretending meeting-house, proceeded to carve from the forest the fields of their new homesteads. The history of the calm and conscientious colonists was not one of vicissitudes. No outraged and murderous enemy skulked about their dwellings to perpetrate the midnight massacre; no revenging torch gave to the flames the fruits of their industry; they went not armed men to the worship of their God. Their policy had been justice, and its reward was peace. With simple desires and profound religious convictions; with toleration in their hearts and hospitality at their hearths; the consciousness that they were inaugurating an era of beneficence and good-will among men nerved them in their hardy labors, as the stroke of the axe rang through the forest, as the falling tree crashed in its stillness, or the virgin furrow, baring its bosom to the sun-light, followed the speeding share. Thus, secure, serious, and content, did the companions of the illustrious PENN glide placidly through existence; with them no 'fitful fever,' having ful-

filled its noblest duties, as individuals plainly in a plain sphere, but as members of a remarkable body conspicuously, before the world and all time, in laying the foundation of a great commonwealth without the practice of a single fraud, or the sacrifice of a single life. They were gathered to earth beneath a turf innocent of ill-shed blood: side by side were they laid in simple unmarked graves of the ancient burial-ground of Byberry.

Several years of my boy-life (tolerate this gush of egotism, not vanity-prompted) were passed at school, amid these scenes of rural delight. I well remember the chilling wind and driving north-east storm of the eventful day, when with heavy heart I bade good-bye to home on my first pilgrimage in the world to that country-school. It was the earliest grief; real, intense. Adult sorrows are never pure, disinterested; there is ever some alloy. Interests have been sacrificed, projects defeated, self-esteem wounded; and revenge is to be gratified, scorn or hatred to be indulged. It is not thus with the boy.

The school-house was a plain, drab-colored building, overlooking a verdant lawn; the road stretching before it lined by a row of cherry-trees. In the season of fruit, many were the happy hours passed among their breezy branches. There were rotten limbs and solemn warnings, for at some time there had been a fall and a fracture which was made a text for countless cautions; but we were bold and hungry, and knew no danger when from aloft ox-hearts and black-hearts nodded in the passing wind a kindly invitation. There was a garden at the back flanked by a big black walnut-tree; sacred ground never to be violated (save through special permission) by our erratic foot-steps. The thrilling, tell-tale cry which betrayed the adventurous trespasser startles me as I write: 'In the garden!' But one other offence approached it, less by several grades, the penalty restraint instead of flagellation: 'Out of bounds!' The barn, important locality, with its slippery floor and lofty mows, dumb witnesses of many a game at 'hide-and-seek,' (so like the game of life you would almost swear it the same, but that the one is very childish, and the other very dignified, and all that sort of thing;) the orchard with its favorite trees, pearmain and pippin; the creek and its dam, the mimic thunder of its fall, its stages of water, freshets and ebbs, its wheel, its tadpoles, and its occasional starveling of a catfish destined to never more repose in muddy bed; the corn-field invaded (glorious occurrence!) by neighboring cattle, the discovery, the chase, the conspiracy at cross-purposes, the fun fast and furious, and, melancholy catastrophe no longer to be delayed, the expulsion; these are before me now with a vividness in no wise impaired, but mellowed by time.

How I feasted on stolen readings in school-hours on hot, drowsy summer afternoons, when the zephyr crept lazily through the open window, when the only sounds were the scraping of some restless foot on the sanded floor, or the hum of the bee that circled in the sunshine, when the master dozed at his desk! Delicious was it to lay by at noon with Crusoe beneath his island bower; to recline in the shadow of the flapping sail of Cook, lulled by the soft surging of the water, shutting the eyes to the deep, flaring blue of a tropical sky, and dreaming of fragrant groves, the flashing plumage of strange birds, and fantastic, many-colored

shells studding the sea-lapped beach; to listen, in fancy, to the dulcet tones of Scheherazade as they fell upon the eager ear of Schahriar, freighted with the romance of the gorgeous East.

The 'store' was a place of Saturday-afternoon resort. Its contents made a curious *mélange*. Printed calicoes crowded cake-tobacco; shoe-blackening, whet-stones, and Epsom salts stared at you from the same shelf. A very important personage was the store-keeper. Not alone as the minister of commerce was he famous: he was of no mean erudition, and as he was post-master, he was justly regarded in a double sense a man of letters. There politics were discussed; there township matters were canvassed. Weighty discourses were held about manures, and soils, and crops; what bridges should be made, what roads mended, what taxes raised.

It is a bland, bright Sabbath morning, and along the various roads numerous vehicles, raising in their progress clouds of dust, seem converging to a common centre. Soon a large and ancient plain brick building, with conductor-protected gables, rises upon the view, overlooked by poplars and sycamores, and surrounded by rows of wooden wagon-sheds. It is Byberry meeting-house. The interior is divided into two compartments, separated at pleasure by sliding shutters, and furnished with plain wooden benches facing long wooden galleries slightly elevated, occupied by the ministers and elders. What scores of silent 'meetings' have I sat through within its walls, watching, without the open door, bird or butterfly disporting in the summer air, hushed, save when broke upon it the clatter of some restless horse, and the occasional tinkle of a sheep bell; or contemplating the motionless forms, and settled, solemn features of the venerable Friends. Sometimes a few impressive words would be pronounced; sometimes a longer sermon preached. There was the tall, spare figure, there fell the feeble accents of J — H —; there beamed the calm, benevolent countenance, and was raised the persuasive voice of John Comly; there in solemn supplication, M — P — poured forth a fervent spirit.

The 'meeting' over, you mingle with the congregation upon the green, have extended to you friendly accostings, and as a stranger, hospitable invitations, for hospitality is peculiarly a virtue of this interesting people. Before you leave, lean for a moment upon that low stone-wall and regard the thickly-sown, undistinguishable graves. There the relentless reaper has gathered in the generations. The accidental conditions of life are no longer recognized; the sleep of death is a sleep of equality, with no perpetuating marble, no tomb-stone laudation. No sculpture flatters the living; no graven lie unduly exalts the dead. There is a stern and solemn simplicity about a Quaker burial. The gentle lowering of the coffin, the unbroken stillness that for a space prevails, the downward gaze of the surrounding mourners, it may be a few earnest, slowly-uttered words; then the last fond look, and the gradual and decorous departure.

The Saturday half-holidays at that school I cherish as blissful eras of my life. Books were 'put by;' we turned our backs upon the dingy maps; joyously threw off the shackles of our study thralldom. Once, two of us joined in a journey of exploration along the windings of our

creek, resolved to trace it to its source. Very remote it must have been, for we walked until near sunset without success. But who can measure the extent and importance of the discoveries made during that memorable tour? We left our comrades adventurers, of a stature no taller than their own, and returned travellers, brimming with knowledge, and invested by a halo of marvel and mystery. For a time there was no appeal from our authority; we had swollen in our sphere; we were of the brotherhood of Bruce and Clapperton.

There was a quiet, wood-margined pond, where on summer evenings we resorted to bathe; and often, with eager rush and wild halloo, would we burst upon the solitude of the turtle napping and motionless upon its surface, or startle to his bushy covert the gliding snake; while the woodpecker paused from noisy research, to indulge in a curious survey of the intruders. A submerged stump, from which we dived, was the centre of animated contention; and many a graceful leap was converted to an involuntary sousing by the scramble of the disputants. At length, the gathering night giving the signal for departure, we emerged all aglow from our aquatic exercise, and straggled home, buoyant of spirit; or if darkness overtook us, crowded together and told each other stories, as we moved at a brisk pace, such as thrill the young blood with supernatural horror.

With the troop of joyous recollections flits through my mind a sombre memory, of long, hot, weary August days; of stifling, sleepless nights; of a darkened chamber, and soft footfalls, and gentle ministrations. My brain throbbed with fierce pain; I tossed impatiently beneath an agony of heat, and a thirst which could not be allayed. Twice a day a grave man of dignified carriage stood by my bed and questioned me in kindly accents. At regular periods I was softly raised to take the appointed dose. The pain abated; my impressions of surrounding things grew fainter; I ceased to observe. One day I seemed to awaken as from a heavy sleep. A remark had aroused me; it was the doctor's voice: 'I do not despair, but he is very low.' I began to mend, they said, but slowly. I slumbered in fitful dozes; was often startled by distressing dreams. The voices from the play-ground seemed sounds from a world in which I had no interest. I lay with my gaze for hours fixed on some trifling object, a crack in the ceiling, a fly buzzing on the window-frame, with a dull, dreamy satisfaction. I took a little food, at first without relish; then I bethought me of the tasteful dishes I had partaken. They tempted my palate with delicate messes. Soon came distinct longings, and then soon I was feebly tottering about the room; one bright morning upon the lawn, (how refreshing the air, how brilliant the hues of the flowers that morn!) at last at the old desk, bending over the old dog-eared arithmetic. But I was there with privilege, studying for a while according to my volition. Envious and envied period!

At a neighboring farmer's, distant a short walk — and we often walked it, (for he was a jolly, kind-hearted man, profuse of his lavishments of fruit,) — were a horse trained to surprising feats, and an ancient brindled bull-dog. The horse, it was reported, had been attached to a circus, and had through many years of nightly exhibit figured in the principal parts, with immense credit to himself, and to the unspeakable edification of ap-

plauding audiences. He had borne in his time, through the flying saw-dust, in 'wild career,' humanity in most of its fiery and fantastic shapes. The whooping Camanche had bestridden him; and the fierce Bedouin of the desert had charged upon him the terror-stricken caravan, two wheezy camels, a half-dozen tinsel-covered cavaliers, (costume strictly oriental,) five posturists, the clown, disguised and supernaturally solemn, and a tipsy lamp-lighter; he had sped with vaulting boys and dancing girls; Ichabod Crane had clung cowering to his mane and sides, as he scoured before the headless Hessian. We held him to be only a little less wonderful than Bucephalus or Eclipse. The farmer's son, a good-natured young scape-grace, would bring him into the barn-yard, display his points and tricks, and we mounted and rode in turn. The old dog's disposition had been soured by long intercourse with the world, and perhaps his head a little turned by frequent bayings of the moon. He delighted to bask at length, kept aloof from his species, and did as he pleased, for as a superannuated servant he had his privileges. Upon his kennel was painted, in capitals long grown dim, '*Cave canem.*' They were reputed the work of a famous pedagogue, who, after declining all his life, had found himself incapable of declining its end, and had departed from scholastic sway and rural approbation. At last, one morning, 'Brindle' was discovered dead. His spirit had flitted doubtless to some canine heaven, mayhap the dog-star.

It is a glorious autumn morning. Above, a bright, blue sky, flecked here and there with fleecy vapor; around, fields shorn and stubbled, or bristled with the rustling maize, where upon the plump and golden ear regales the watchful crow; and woods with sunny vistas russet-lined. The chestnut-burs are on the ground; among the hickory-boughs frisks the lithe squirrel; through the dead leaves scuds the retreating rabbit; while in the road-side cedar screams the jay. With bounding spirits trudged a little company of pure, fun-loving boys (where are they now?) toward a distant stream, traditionally famous for fish of monstrous size and easy capture. Those never there before, burned eagerly for a first view of this wondrous water. I believe the story of Jonah would have been voted dull in that moment of anticipation. The creek was not yet seen, when was pointed the dingy canvas-top of the miller's wagon, as it crossed the long stone-bridge; that was something! At length, from an elevated knoll crowned with a stunted pear-tree in the hedge, was revealed in all its dimpled glory the aquatic prospect. Not with greater rapture gazed Balboa, from the height of Darien, upon the long, blue swell of the newly-found Pacific!

What unutterable power comes with such renewal of life's spring to 'soothe the weary soul,' and cordial the melancholy spirit! Sailing over this 'solemn main,' we leave the sheltered cove and sluggish water for the rushing current, which, sweeping us from old land-marks, from its velocity denies to us new, save now and then a lofty mountain-top; but although we leave behind the endeared scenery, happily we can carry with us its humanizing impress upon our hearts. A snatch of song, the death of a time-tried friend, twilight, dreams, the winter fire-side, a smiling landscape, make me a boy again.

Genial, sympathizing reader, to thee I need not plead excuse for hav-

ing lingered. Thou fully feelest the truthfulness of the purport, and wilt graciously overlook the lameness of the execution. Thou, too, hast no more power to snatch thyself from the 'momentary bliss' of retrospection,

— 'THAN the man
That travels through the burning deserts can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half smothered in the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which he himself doth find,
Ere he be slaked.'

BRAUMONT.

But how shall I answer my respected friend Stilts—Lofty Stilts? His is an accusing voice; he blameth for a sacrifice of dignity. Stilts would scorn to gather his attar of wisdom from any thing beneath 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' and Puseyite novels. Stilts may be right, for he is an astute man, learned in labor and population questions; of uniformly grave deportment; very respectable. Yet, hold—no, I am *not* convinced. Lofty! I have loved thee, but pass by. 'What does it prove? where is the moral?' chimes another interesting censor. But this, friend: that we are permitted (if we will) to flood the sterility of age with the freshness of youth; that these draughts from the fountain-streams of life not only solace, but elevate and better, morally better us; and that Nature never intended us to feed on the fag-ends of fables, and axioms, and dry ciphers, so long as she furnished a plentiful supply of feeling. But 'What does it prove?' still doubts and sneers. Yet another accosteth me, with a sigh, an orthodox sigh, and a doleful shake of the head: 'Trifling, trifling! let more serious matter engage thy attention.' O man of solemn mien, thou art in the right! It is well in an evil world to be as sad and saturnine as may be. Bring a scourge there! Ho for a shirt of hair! My fingers are upon the beads, the penitential recitations are upon my tongue.

YADESSAC.

San Francisco, July, 1852.

T O A 'S I S T E R' I N B L A C K .

THE moss-rose, with its crimson blush,
Loves in the summer air to bloom;
We hear no joy-song from the thrush
Amid the hemlock's darkling gloom;
All nature that is lovely seeks
With kindred nature to entwine,
And Love its sweetest language speaks
Beneath the budding columbine.

But thou, fair sister of the saints!
With lips of crimson, eyes of light,
Art, 'neath thy sables' cold restraints,
Like sun-light shadowed o'er by night!
I saw thee but 'a point of time,'
But in that little moment grew
A thought no change, nor place, nor clime
Can e'er in life estrange from you.

The silent cloister is thy home,
The rosary is on thy breast;
Yet does not o'er thy spirit come
A shadow of the heart's unrest?
Lady, if only for the skies
That form, so lovely, had its birth,
The habitants of Paradise
Had never let thee come to earth.

JOHN OF TORK

T H E W A T C H - T O W E R .

FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORFF.

BY A GERMAN STUDENT.

I.

I saw old Ocean gleaming
In the silvery moon-light,
Where a stately ship came sailing
Through the still and peaceful night.

II.

At the helm a knight was standing,
On the deck a lady gay,
In the damp breeze waved her mantle,
But never a word spoke they.

III.

And I saw the shadows falling
From a regal palace high,
Where a king sat lonely watching
O'er the sea with eager eye.

IV.

And as the ship sped by him,
He threw into the sea
His crown of gold, and the waters
Surged 'round it mournfully.

V.

For he saw the bold marauder
Who had robbed him of his child,
And in madness on his daughter
He hath uttered curses wild.

VI.

And the raging seas have swallowed
The bold robber and his bride;
And the king, with sorrow pining
In his loneliness, hath died.

VII.

But whene'er the night-storms lower
Will that ship come sailing by,
While the king from his high tower
Looketh forth with eager eye.

RANDOM LEAF

FROM THE LIFE OF RALPH ROANOKE.

NEVER shall I forget my first visit to the city of New-Orleans. In the flight of time it was but yesterday ; and yet how changed its aspects ! It is one of the startling evidences of the growth of this western world, that on what side soever we turn our eyes, we behold all full of the vigor of life and progress. Take any point you will and compare its present condition with that of twenty years ago, and Imagination looks bewildered, as if Reality had outstripped her in the race, and put her prophecies in the back-ground. It is but thirty-five years since New-Orleans was only known to the inhabitants of the great valley of the Mississippi through the semi-annual reports of returning bargemen, who measured the fifteen hundred miles of the circuitous windings of the 'Father of Waters' step by step, to trading-posts at Kaskaskia and St. Louis. These hardy sons of toil and adventure, with their barges and tow-boats, formed the only connecting-link in the chain of communication and in the interchange of commodities. I have written fact, and not fable, when I declare that the imagination of that period stands confounded at the thousand floating palaces that are now daily ploughing the muddy waters of the Mississippi, and delivering the weekly papers of St. Louis and New-Orleans in due season to their numerous subscribers, with the same certainty as a modern dispatch-post. In the old world, the dazzled and delighted traveller may satiate his love of the grand and beautiful in the ever-varying display of palaces, and temples, and pyramids, built as it were by fairy hands ; yet the age in which we live is one of thought, feeling, progress ; and the humanity within us is startled at the saddening contrast between the general condition and destiny of mankind in the old world, when compared with the blessings that await him in the new world. In the former, man has reached a culminating point, where the problem of the government under which he lives has been solved ; while in the latter, there is no aspect of old age and decrepitude, but on the contrary, a country just bursting into manhood, with prosperity, power, and glory for its inheritance ; the chosen nation to push liberty and independence to its utmost capacity. Shall it not be esteemed a blessing to dwell in this favored land ? Is it not cause for deep and manly gratitude to the 'GIVER of every good and perfect gift,' that a new home has been found without the pale of misrule and despotism, away from the depressing evidences of hopeless, down-trodden humanity ?

It was a bright, joyous Sabbath morning in the month of December, when I first set foot on shore in the gay metropolis of Louisiana. I had left St. Louis but a few days previously, in drear and hoary winter, and the realization of my escape from the bleak winds, deep snows, and ice-bound shores of Missouri, to the green fields, perfumed bowers, and warm sunshine of Louisiana, was a tangible reality, which exceeded all my dreams of fairy-land. To one who had never visited a tropical climate, whose life had been passed in northern latitudes, no picture of the imagination could equal the reality, and the effect upon my spirits and tem-

perament can be readily conceived. When we enter a new city, a new country, or a new society, with our inner life in harmony with external nature, we are ever ready to find the beauties, and to overlook the deformities around us. We have all felt this truth more or less frequently. Indeed, methinks we might trace most of our prejudices to some ill-timed or irritating cause, or some dyspeptic, bilious, or splenetic condition. I will even go farther, and venture to assert that first impressions are not always the result of instinct, but often of physical condition at the moment, just as courage is a matter of breadth of chest and size of lungs. I was therefore prepared to see the bright side of the picture, and how astonishingly easy it is to find beauties every where in nature when we set out, having obtained our own consent to see them!

The Sabbath in New-Orleans is a gala day; a day of rest, according to my understanding; a day wisely spent when spent in the cultivation of the higher sentiments. And here let us make no mistake by judging our neighbor from our point of view, but rather let us beg leave to take his arm, and ask the favor of a glance through his spectacles, and in nine cases out of ten we shall agree with him. To be turned out on a bright day in high health, at peace with all the world, and most especially with one's self, is, after all, no mean, unenviable condition; at least I did not think so when I found myself on the Levee at New-Orleans, twenty years ago. Like the joyous school-boy with a whole Saturday's holiday, and sundry fips and shillings in his pocket, the difficulty was where to go, and what to buy first, in order to make the best use of the 'little eternity' at my command. But hark! the spirit-stirring fife and drum, and the roar of cannon on the plaza, announce the hour for morning parade, and who stands still or stops to consider, with a bugle in his ear? The French legions of honor amongst the volunteer companies of the Crescent City might have drawn a smile from the stern features of a Napoleon; but to an untravelled youngster they were grand demonstrations; and I watched their evolutions, performed, I must say, with French precision and esprit du corps, with feelings of unalloyed admiration and delight. It was a beautiful sight to see 'poor humanity' decked out in holiday clothes, enjoying the bright day before them; and to the philosopher and philanthropist, it would have afforded a fine field for reflection to trace with the mind's eye this numerous throng to their individual homes; to see how necessary was this small effort at display, this show of pomp and military trappings, to keep up that equilibrium in the chances of human enjoyment, that leaves the preponderance on the side of life, law, and order. It may be that the pleasure of this one gala day in seven was, to many a poor struggler after an honest living, as the key that winds the monotonous circle of hours that make up his daily existence; his only incentive to live, and hope, and struggle on in the great battle of life. By way of episode to this tableau, the Catholic cathedral stood hard by, and ever and anon, between the loud thundering of the cannon, the grand and solemn peal of its organ came floating on the air, infusing a religious sentiment, breathing a solemn prayer, and echoing God's blessing upon the assembled multitude. Who shall say there was sincere worship in the cathedral, and not on the plaza? Who shall decide from which point, church or plaza, the

most human brotherhood and sympathy was awakened? Does worship consist in the pompous ceremonies of priests amongst the dead languages, or in the free and hearty response of brotherly sympathy?

There is nothing which has such a humanizing influence upon our minds and hearts as travelling. We see nature in all its various phases, and become more merciful to each other's faults, and more tolerant of each other's opinions. Once out of the atmosphere of home, and old habits, and fixed notions, in which we have been enchained all our lives, we begin to doubt our own infallibility, and finally discover that some of our time-honored opinions are not as self-evident to others as they have been to us. We lose our bigotry, and learn to see and to appreciate virtue in a Turk as readily as in a Christian; and in this appreciation we make the discovery that the Turk is our brother in the sight of God, and the creation of his hands. We grasp the great truth that God has implanted the sentiment of worship in every human heart, and that the golden rule of 'doing unto others as we would have them do unto us,' is the divine gift of God to every immortal soul. The world is constantly undergoing changes. Men believe according to their consciences. Those who profess to be Christians in the present day are not as intolerant and bigoted as were Christians of former days, and just as surely will not be as intolerant and bigoted as now in days to come. Change and progress are the results of natural laws, and it would be doubting not only the wisdom, but the goodness of God, to suppose for one moment that the world is not now nearer to the golden rule than it was in past generations. Yes! the golden rule promulgated by CHRIST finds a hearty response and a happy home in the conscience of every intelligent being, proving conclusively that true religion does not consist in outward forms and ceremonies, or stereotyped dogmas, but in a universal brotherhood, looking forward with confidence and affection to the sunshine of God's eternal love to perfect us in HIS own image.

How frequently it happens that a sudden rencontre with a friend changes the whole current of our thoughts and feelings! It was preëminently so with me on this occasion. Hitherto I had been left to my own fancy as to where I should go, and to accident for the channel of my thoughts. But now, on meeting with a friend, a resident of the city, I put myself under his charge for a peep at the lions. A ride to Lake Pontchartrain was the first proposition. We were soon mounted on two 'good ones' from old Kentucky, and dashed away at a gallop. Our road lay along a curving line of high ground, (rather a scarce development in those parts,) which had been macadamized with shells instead of stone, and thus it received the poetical cognomen of the 'Shell Road.' There was but little to see on this road. The pleasure was all in the exhilaration in feeling rather than of sight, and reminded me of the modern philosopher who said, 'he did not drink liquor for the love of it, but because it gave him such princely feelings.' Our road ran through a heavily-timbered swamp, and could lay no claims to scenery, the view being entirely confined to tall cypress-trees that emerged from the murky water decked out in long scarfs, shawls and mantillas of wild moss, which grew in flowing, graceful, and fantastic forms around their ever-green boughs, with here and there an alligator luxuriating in the warm sun-

shine. In half an hour we were at the lake. It was one of those quiet days with scarcely a breeze to win a rippling smile from the placid countenance of beautiful Pontchartrain. There she reposed in conscious beauty, like some winning siren awaiting the passion-storm to make the adventurous craftsman tremble for his temerity in daring to luxuriate upon her gentle bosom. To have seen the lake at that day was to have seen all that was interesting; and a peep at the watch reminded us that the hour of eleven was approaching, and we must put spurs to our horses to be back in time for a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Clapp, than whom few divines have enjoyed a more enviable reputation. Not all the terrific combinations of yellow fever and cholera could drive him from the spiritual consolation of his flock. We reached the church in time to hear him deliver one of the most able and stirring appeals to his congregation that it was ever my good fortune to listen to; and although I had no personal acquaintance with him, yet if this notice should ever meet his eye, he will, I trust, excuse the zeal with which I subscribe to the doctrine of 'giving honor to whom honor is due.'

Nothing could be more marked than the difference of temperament that characterizes the native Creole of New-Orleans, and the nervous, sight-seeing Yankee, in whom there is no repose of character. My chaperon was an acclimated northerner, and in doing the polite and agreeable to me, went at it 'con amore,' and left no grass to grow under my feet. After the sermon, he accepted an invitation to dine with me. Dinner over, I confess it would have been much more congenial to my feelings to have taken a seat out on the balcony of our hotel, with one of those delicious regalias we find in New-Orleans to set one to dreaming as he watches the smoke gracefully curling upward toward the deep-blue firmament. But no; my 'through-by-daylight' friend had no idea of wasting our precious sight-seeing moments in any such quiet visions of happiness. Beside, I had brought him a letter of introduction from his correspondents in St. Louis, and I must be properly attended to; and to wait until to-morrow would resuscitate the time-honored adage, 'Business before pleasure.' He therefore forthwith prepared for a move. Mounting our hats, he ran his arm through mine, and dashed off for a visit to 'Potter's Field,' probably to restrain my rampant fancy, and to whisper a lesson of man's mortality. As we went along, he initiated me in the *modus operandi* of becoming acclimated; and as I presume one case is a fair sample of the majority, I cannot better instruct my readers than by allowing him to tell his own story:

'It is now five years since I waked up one morning to a sense of my own insignificance, in the small town of P., in Connecticut, and concluded that if I ever wanted to make a noise in the world, or a jingle in my pocket, I must plunge into the great world outside of home. I went down to New-York, and had scarcely landed before I saw a huge pile of linen bags, which they said had cotton in them, which a parcel of sailors and men in their pea-jackets and long trousers, with large, curious fish-hooks in their hands, were rolling away from a long, black-looking ship, and piling up higher than their heads, as if they never could get to the bottom. Thinks I to myself, 'It's no use mincing matters; if I want any information it won't come to me, I must go to it.'

This is what they call in Yankee-land *natural philosophy*, and is one of the first lessons they teach their youngsters, as you have no doubt had occasion to observe. I soon got a fellow to point out the skipper of the vessel to me, and thus accosted him: 'I say, captain, that vessel of yours holds a killing lot of them cotton bales, and no mistake. It seems to me you've put more out of her now than you could put back into her, and yet they tell me she's half full yet.' Captains, you know, have the name of being a hard set; but their hearts are as tender as a woman's, if you only touch 'em in the right place. They do say that women always smile when you chuck their babies under the chin. Now for my part I'm a bachelor, and always try to keep away from children; but this much I do know: if you want to make an old 'salt' take a fresh chew of tobacco, and *thaw out*, just praise his ship. This favorable beginning prepossessed me in favor of the captain, and in the course of conversation I soon found that he regarded New-Orleans as offering the best opening to enterprising young men, just at that time, of any city in the Union. I shall not stop to sift the matter now, but it did occur to me afterward, when I got to New-Orleans, that the captain might have been giving me advice not wholly disinterested, inasmuch as my taking it gave him another passenger on his next voyage. Mind, I don't assert this for a fact; I merely throw it out as a kind of 'cud' for you to chew on as you go along in the world's experiences.

'Once in New-Orleans, I found it much the same as in all other places. Instead of the demand regulating the supply, there were twenty applicants for situations to one eligible vacancy. And yet I found another general proposition to be equally true, that no man need suffer if he has health and energy. But the greatest difficulty a northerner experiences in becoming permanently located in New-Orleans was now before me in the approaching sickly season, so generally fatal to strangers. As soon as the yellow fever was announced, I began to grow nervous and alarmed; and, as the epidemic was very severe on that occasion, very soon gave up all my chances of preferment in a staunch commission-house, and fled the city, much to the disappointment of my employers. I returned to New-Orleans in the fall, and had again to go through all the uncertainties of finding employment, with my chances materially lessened by the very knowledge that I had not the courage to face the danger. Under this condition of things it required but a short time for me to make the discovery that good business qualifications and good testimonials of character, although necessary here as well as elsewhere, were nevertheless insufficient without the 'sine qua non' of an acclimated citizen. I watched my small savings fade away day by day, leaving me still unemployed; and here, I may say, truly began my battle of life. I must sink back into my former insignificance in Connecticut, or risk all upon the chances of acclimation. I had faith in my courage if I could only get it screwed up. And now was the time or never. The struggle was long and wavering, for, disguise it as I would, it presented but two phases: life with prosperity, or death in the effort. Finally, Pride, Hope, and Ambition, threw their united forces into the crucible, and I came out a man. I returned to my former employers, and promised them I would remain with them the entire year, or perish in the attempt. My former

conduct had established my character for veracity, and they readily closed with me on such terms as have continued to increase, until I am now a member of the firm. The sickly season again rolled round, and was ushered in with more than common violence and fatality. Thousands fled from the city, and hundreds fell victims to its ravages. There were many systems of practice and treatment. Every return of the epidemic brought with it some new feature, requiring a different practice from the last, and it was a part of the difficulty to make up one's decision calmly beforehand, after weighing all the various considerations bearing upon the case; and having made the choice, to meet the shock trusting to his constitution rather than his physician. The favorite dependence amongst the native population was good *nursing*, rather than upon medical treatment. Hence it was necessary to choose between hospital treatment and private nursing. The hospitals were attended by the best physicians, and the nursing was upon a general system. Private nursing involved a private room, either in some Creole family with an attendant physician, or a private room with a quadroon-nurse and physician. I scarcely had a choice. I had a horror of hospitals and crowds of sick and dying about me. I had no Creole family who took an interest in me, and as a consequence was left to the remaining alternative of a quadroon-nurse and physician. If any thing can exceed the panic of a city a prey to yellow fever, with thousands too poor to escape or to procure the necessities of life, watching the mournful procession of hearses as they pass and repass from hour to hour, from day to day, and from week to week, and at night terrified into intoxication by the dread of becoming the next victims, filling the air with savage yells, and making night hideous, I hope never to witness it. To say that I was not terribly frightened would be to lie outright. Every hair on my head seemed to stand up, and counsel a retreat. But I had passed the Rubicon, and there was no escape. By a strange freak of good fortune, I escaped until a late period in the season, and had all the advantages of the latest experiences in the proper remedies. At length the well-known symptoms of pain in the small of the back and back of the head, and a greenish giddiness ever present to the vision, announced that I must prepare for the ordeal. I shall not dwell upon the painful struggle, nor indeed could I describe it; for in less than twelve hours I was delirious, and remained so during the fearful ravages of the fever, for three days and nights, when the crisis was pronounced over, and symptoms favorable. Thanks to my good, kind nurse, a few more days of her attention and all was well with me. I stood before the world with all the doubts and misgivings at an end. Victory had perched upon my banner; I was an acclimated citizen, and as such, received into full favor in the good city of New-Orleans, where they distrust every body, and call them non-residents, until they become *endorsed* by the yellow fever. And now, Roanoke, forgive this long yarn about myself. It does one good, you know, to live over his great battles.'

The time occupied in the narration of my friend's story brought us to the suburbs of the city and to the threshold of Potter's Field. This was a low, marshy piece of ground, enclosed by a common, dilapidated fence, quite inadequate for any purposes of protection, had any such

precaution been necessary. On approaching nearer, my friend observed : 'You are in luck ; they are just now going to dispose of last night's dead from the charity-hospital, and you will have the opportunity of seeing the ceremony.' A group of some half-dozen laboring men, with queer-looking forks, somewhat resembling harpoons, with here and there a spade and shovel, stood in waiting for the approach of a donkey-cart, in which were sundry wooden boxes, apparently made by one of those 'Handy Andys' who can do any thing. It was now the wet season, when it was impossible to dig a hole in the ground more than two feet deep any where back from the Levee without the water's rising to the surface. The object was therefore fully gained when the box containing the body was hidden from view. These boxes were tumbled out like old lumber, and quite unceremoniously chucked into the holes which had been dug to receive them, and were held down under the water with that extraordinary burying-hook, until the grassy sod was replaced. It was a sad sight to look upon, those lifeless bodies thus unfeelingly returned to earth, far away from friends and home, 'unhonored and unsung.'

But New-Orleans is a city of startling pictures and strong contrasts. Scarcely had I recovered from the shock which I had just experienced, when my friend introduced me into the cemetery where the favored few and the cared-for were deposited. This cemetery was surrounded by a high brick wall, into which vaults were inserted, giving the appearance of innumerable tiers of baking-ovens. These vaults were arched, and of just sufficient size to admit a coffin ; and the process of burial was thereby rendered very simple and expeditious, it being only necessary to slide in the coffin and close up the arch. These arches were ordinarily walled up with brick, but here and there slabs of marble were to be seen, with names and appropriate inscriptions. There was an air of security in their method of burial when contrasted with the *floating palaces* to which the poor were consigned, that, while it surprised with its novelty, satisfied, to some extent, my ideas of propriety. The humblest individual might, for a comparatively trifling sum, secure one of these vaults ; but, alas ! no one came inside that wall without a consideration. Scattered throughout the grounds were monuments of various constructions and devices, and the whole air was redolent with the perfume of flowers, that the living had entwined around the homes of the dead. No sound was heard save the roll of the mocking-bird as he warbled his plaintive 'fantasia' over the city of the departed.

We turned to leave the spot with chastened hearts and feelings not easily described, when my eye rested upon one lone woman in the extreme corner of the enclosure, communing with the dead. Never shall the recollection of that Madonna-like face be obliterated from my memory. As she knelt upon a newly-made sepulchre, with uplifted eyes, from which the hot tears were gushing at every pulsation of her heart, and lips breathing in prayer, while her hands (as if unconsciously) were strewing fresh flowers over the tomb of her departed friend, she seemed an angel that had left her starry home to teach humanity the *spirituality* of tears.

It is in devotion like this that the true character of woman is developed, and her great moral power manifested. When the tears of anguish

and despair are congealed into icicles on the manly cheek by the freezing glances of the world, the sunshine of woman's smile dispels them. When the wealthy clasp themselves closer in their mantles and pass the poor man hurriedly, as if to escape a contaminating atmosphere, woman opens her arms, presses him to her bosom, and warms his despondent heart with the pure fire of sympathy. Alas! that there should be those who are discontented with woman's mission, and are struggling to change her nature and vocation.

ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

BY J. G. HOOD.

ONCE more I visit these fresh woodland bowers,
And wander in this winding, bough-arched road;
My soul throws off its load
Of vexing cares amid the clustering flowers,
And melody of winds that sweep the hills,
Mingling with song of rills.

Yet even mid this scene of Nature's gladness,
Though in my ear the bird's clear silver note
Rings from his mellow throat,
Over my heart will steal a sense of sadness
To look upon the tokens of decay,
Which lie about my way.

These fallen trunks, all shattered, bare, and wasted
From their proud state, the withered leaves around
Thick strown upon the ground,
Recall the thought of one Death's lightning blasted,
With whom so oft I roved these woodlands wide,
Or sought the streamlet's side.

As one who, exiled from his native valley,
In hopeless sickness pined, forgets his pain
To see his home again,
So doth this half-extinct, sad memory rally;
Reviving mid the scenes that gave it birth,
It drives far off bold Mirth.

'Tis hard to look above our present mansion,
And see our earth-lost friends beyond the skies;
Our spirits cannot rise,
'Tis death alone can give our sight expansion:
The only refuge till our days are sped
Is to forget the dead.

West Philadelphia, (Penn.) March 4th, 1852.

HERCULES AND HYLAS.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Not for *us* only, NICIAS, as we thought,
 Was born a child to LOVE's immortal sire,
 Whatever god may claim LOVE as his own:
 Not for *us* first do beautiful things look fair,
Us, who may breathe to-day but see no morrow.
 AMPHITRYON's son, with heart of stubborn brass,
 He, that withstood Nemea's forest-king,
 Loved blooming HYLAS, rich in curls of gold;
 And, as a father trains some only darling,
 Whose dawn gives promise of a radiant day,
 He taught him all those arts which made himself
 The first in valor, and the chief in fame.
 The boy left not his side at sultry noon,
 Or when AURORA, with her swift white steeds,
 Scaled JOVE's high realms, or when the murmuring brood
 Went to their rest, what time the parent bird
 Shook her loose wings upon the smoky perch.
 ALCEDES ever toiled that one so dear,
 Bowed to the yoke, nor swerving from the track,
 Armed with great thoughts, and exercised in virtue,
 Might prove at last, in word and deed, A MAN.

But when brave JASON, ÆSON's noble heir,
 Sailed for the fleece of gold, when warlike chiefs,
 The lights of Hellas, drawn from all her states,
 Pursued with him the prize of high renown,
 Then HERCULES, ALCMENA's hero son,
 Went with glad HYLAS to the rich Iolcos,
 And climbed the sacred Argo, that good ship,
 Which failed not, when the stern Cyanean crags
 Closed on her billowy path, but boldly swept
 The dark vexed strait, like some far-swooping eagle,
 And, bidding those black cliffs stand fast for ever,
 Won the deep Phasis through the wrathful main.

When now the Pleiades arise, and lambs
 Feed on the farthest pastures, when the spring,
 Wearing away, must soon give place to summer,
 Those godlike men, the flower of Grecian heroes,
 Are mindful of their voyage. Seated all
 In that swift bark, and borne by southern gales,
 Ere the third sunset dies on hills of Thrace,
 They cleave the long and rock-girt Hellespont,
 And moor their ship within the blue Propontis,
 Where stout Cician oxen drag the plough
 Through deep broad furrows. Landing on the beach
 At eventide, they spread an ample feast,
 Some ranked in goodly pairs, but more have gathered
 About one joyous board, for a smooth mead
 Lies with its grass before them, and presents
 Couches all fresh and sweet. These, mowing down
 The flowering rushes and the tall sharp sedge,

Make of the fragrant heap one festive seat:
 But *HYLAS*, pushing back his golden curls,
 Hastens, with brazen pitcher, from the shore,
 To bring cool water for two mighty chiefs,
 For *HERCULES* and *TELAMON*, who sat,
 Like faithful brothers, always at one board.
 Full of wild mirth, the boy goes bounding on
 Through purple flowers, and quickly sees a fountain
 Shut in by gentle slopes. Around it crowd
 The spreading bent, and dark-blue celandine,
 Dry maiden-hair, moist parsley, all green herbs,
 That rise on dewy banks; but, in its depths,
 The Nymphs have ranged their band—the wakeful Nymphs,
 Whom artless rustics dread, *EUNEICA*, *MALIS*,
 And fleet *NYCHEIA*, beautiful as Spring.

While now the youth lets down his large bright urn,
 Eager to dip it in the sparkling wave,
 All these together grasp his out-stretched hand,
 For sudden love of that fair Argive boy
 Kindles their souls. Plucked from the flowery brink,
 He falls at once into the clear still waters,
 As some red star drops, from unclouded skies,
 Into the cold dark sea. Meanwhile the pilot
 Spoke from the broad-winged *Argo*'s airy poop:
 'Unmoor the ship, make sail, ye mariners,
 For welcome breezes blow.' The joyful Nymphs
 Then laid their captive on their knees, and strove
 To chase with soothing words his grief away;
 But *HERCULES*, when *HYLAS* came not back,
 Burst madly forth, bearing, as Scythians bear,
 In his left hand a bow, while in his right
 He swung his own tough knotted club. Three times
 He shouted '*HYLAS*,' in a voice as loud
 As his deep throat could utter. *HYLAS* thrice
 Did answer, but the sounds came faint and low
 From the dark waters, and, though close at hand,
 He seemed far distant. As a bearded lion,
 A fierce and famished lion, that has heard
 A fawn's weak cry remote on desert hills,
 Springs from his lair to seize a ready prey,
 So *HERCULES*, rushing through rough wide brakes,
 Sought the lost youth. Alas, for those who love!
 What ills he braved, among the woods and mountains,
 In that drear search! *JASON* and *JASON*'s tasks
 Were named no more. In vain the seaward bark
 Stood with her sail-yards swinging at the mast,
 And youthful shipmen cleaned the decks at midnight,
 Waiting for *HERCULES*. He roamed the waste
 With torn and bleeding feet. Love, ruthless Love
 Bent his great heart, and left him no repose.

Thus *HYLAS*, peerless in his early bloom,
 Is ranked among the blest and deathless gods;
 But all his mates long deemed the chief of heroes
 A false deserter of his ship, the *one*
 Who left, ere danger came, the well-benched *Argo*.
 Yet *HERCULES* proved still the first of men,
 For, crossing many a rude and hostile tribe,
 He reached alone on foot the perilous land,
 Where Colchian *Phasis* winds its full pure stream.

SKETCHES FROM THE COVE.

NUMBER ONE.

In one of the quietest and most picturesque villages of New-England I have taken my abode for the summer; and I would fain hope, kind and gentle reader, for your company in some of the wanderings and rural excursions that this romantic neighborhood so abundantly affords. I cannot promise you any thing very new or striking, either in nature or in life, but I will give you, as best I may, descriptions of the beautiful scenery which surrounds me; and I can show you touching pictures of humble lives, and recount sweet village histories, which will not, I think, be wholly devoid of interest for even the most worldly. At least I hope to bring the thought of cool refreshing sea-breezes in the hot summer days to the dwellers in the city, and to carry an echo from the sea-side into country-homes.

And first, that you may understand more fully the peculiar charm of this secluded little place, I will try to describe its situation, and by-and-by we will make acquaintance with some of its inhabitants. Those hardy-looking sailors drawing up their boat on the beach yonder, lighting up with their red jackets the cool grays of the sand and the rocks, may well have some wonderful stories of the sea to tell us. And they will be glad, too, to spin their yarns for credulous landsfolk, to whom even the dash of the waves, as they break in regular succession along the shore, suggests something mysterious and supernatural. But all things in their time. My first sketch for you shall be the Cove itself; and of that I will speak as I saw it on my arrival a few weeks ago.

After a long and tedious stage-coach ride through a very uninteresting country, just as I was beginning to weary of the sandy roads and staring white houses, with the invariably accompanying yellow or pink shoemaker's shop, and to think that I had rather unwisely left my comfortable country-home in search of novelty by the sea-shore, we suddenly turned off from the high-road into a charming little lane, shaded on either side by deep pine-woods, whose fallen leaves made a soft golden-brown carpet, over which even the wheels of our heavy coach passed noiselessly. The road was so narrow that I could almost reach with my hand the blue violets and delicate spring-flowers that seemed to nod a welcome to us from the banks above, as we passed along. The air was soft and balmy, the birds were singing merrily in the woods around, and we were so entirely surrounded by country sights and sounds that I began to think the driver had mistaken my direction. I had imagined that sea-shore scenery was composed of level, barren tracts of land, broken only by huge rocks or an occasional group of poplars. I had anticipated grandeur and awful sublimity, but I was not prepared for the wealth of rural beauty which was lavished all around me. I had wished to go to the sea for change of air, and a kind friend had secured rooms for me at 'Farmer Wilson's at the Cove.' Farther than this I

knew nothing, so I was obliged to content myself with asking the driver if he remembered that I was to be left at the *Cove*, with a strong emphasis on the last word, intending to bring the idea of the sea into his mind. 'Yes, Ma'am, all right; we shall be there in ten minutes,' answered he; and on we went, while I, in a state of delighted wonder, watched for the new developments of beauty which each curve of the winding road brought forth. Deeper and deeper grew the woods, more profuse and varied the flowers, when a sudden turn brought us to the brow of a hill, from whence we gazed upon a view which I shall never forget. Before us lay the ocean, dancing and sparkling in the morning light, too blue and brilliant for the eye to rest long upon it. Two long, beautifully-wooded points of land stretched out their graceful arms lovingly to enclose the little sheltered Cove which lay smiling at our feet, while a few picturesque islands at the entrance of the deep bay thus formed seemed still more to seclude its calm waters. And beyond this, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the sea, vast, blue, infinite, dotted with gleaming white sails, and radiant with life and motion.

Just at the head of the curving beach at our feet were gathered together about twenty little cottages. Many boats were drawn up here, and the fishing-nets spread over them to dry betokened the employment of the inhabitants of the little houses. Merry children were playing about on the bright sands; and as we slowly descended the hill, I heard the gentle murmur of the waves as they broke lazily along the beach. In this, my first view of the ocean, there was nothing to inspire awe. Every thing was peaceful and calm, and there was even a certain gayety about the whole scene, bright as it was with the freshness of morning and of spring. As we drove into the crooked little village-street, I wondered greatly at which of the neat-looking houses I was to be left, whether at the brown house with the honey-suckles trained round the door, or at the neat white cottage which boasted green blinds and a piazza. But still we drove on until we had passed through the village, and I saw that our road was gradually winding round toward one of the wooded points which formed the Cove. By degrees the land assumed a more cultivated look, and green fields separated by neat stone walls, and a large orchard vocal with birds, announced our approach to a farm. At last, with much noise and parade, we dashed up to the door of an old-fashioned farm-house, much to the annoyance of a large flock of hens and chickens, which fled away in great dismay at our approach, and evidently to the surprise of the old black house-dog who lay in the sunshine, staring at us with his great wise eyes, as if he were hesitating whether it were proper to attack us at once, or whether he should wait and see how his master received such an unprecedented arrival. 'Here we are, Ma'am; this is the Cove Farm, and here comes Farmer Wilson himself,' said the driver, as a good-natured looking man, with a jolly air and embrowned face, half sailor, half farmer in his appearance, came forward to welcome me. He ushered me into a cool, neat little parlor, where I found Mrs. Wilson waiting for me. She was a plain, simple, motherly kind of woman, who, after the usual questions of whether I was not tired, etc., seemed very glad to show me to my room, while she resumed her avocations in the kitchen. And what a clean, pleasant

room it was, and how glorious was the view from the little white-curtained window! I fairly held my breath as I gazed upon that wide, wide horizon of deepest blue. This room was on the eastern side of the house, looking away from the village far over the ocean. The coast stretched northward, beautifully indented with little bays and projecting rocks, forming coves very much like the one to which my lucky stars had brought me. Lovely green islands sprang like fairy creations from the sea, forming picturesque groups, and breaking the line of the horizon, which would otherwise have been almost painful in its wonderful distance and uniformity. From the porch at the front door the view is far different. There one sees only the peaceful little cove, with its curving beach and quaint village, and the opposite point deeply wooded to the water's edge. This is the place for a sunset, as my window for a sunrise view.

And here I have passed a perfectly quiet, refreshing month, making acquaintance with the hens and chickens, the house-dog Nero, the cows and their pretty little calves, and last, but not least, with Farmer Wilson's eight daughters, the oldest of whom is only fourteen years of age. And wild, wonderful children they are. The two eldest (whose names are Peace and Mercy) help their father much in the farm-work. They ride the horse to plough, dig potatoes, and take the best care of all the live stock on the farm; they harness the horses, yoke the oxen, and make the hay. Their father proudly says that they do more work together than any *man* in the Cove. Last week, the farmer went to the nearest town to buy a saddle, and he brought back a side-saddle, because he said 'the gals were mighty fond of ridin', and when his turn came, he did not mind the horns.'

The people here are very primitive and unsophisticated. They have a holy horror of fresh air and cold water, and my first sea-bath occasioned great excitement at the farm. But their prejudices are easily overcome, and I hope soon to induce Peace and Mercy to take a dip with me. I have found some difficulty in persuading my worthy hostess that I did not like chowder for breakfast, or plum-cake for dinner, or pickled grapes with my tea. Their bill of fare is certainly an original one, and some of their *made* dishes remind one of the doubtful concoctions which the Chinese place before their guests; but then there is always plenty of sweet new bread and butter, rich milk and fresh eggs, and with an appetite sharpened by the bracing sea-air, these make a meal fit for a king.

The farmer himself amuses and interests me very much. He has much real poetry in his nature, and under a rough exterior bears a very tender heart. He will not permit a bird to be shot or snared upon his farm, and the other day he described to me, in a really poetical way, the welcome which he had often seen the birds of his orchard give to the sun. He said that just before the sun rises, the birds, who have been singing merrily ever since the dawn, suddenly become quiet, and fly to the topmost twigs of the trees, where they await the first gleam of the sun-light in perfect silence; but when the first ray appears, they pour forth a flood of melody. This morning-worship I have since seen and heard myself, and I cannot imagine a more beautiful scene than the orchard at the farm, with its silvery blossoms turned to gold by the

alchemy of the early sunshine, and echoing with the glad songs of these earnest little worshippers.

From a true love of nature surely comes the best science. I have studied ornithology, and I thought I knew much of the ways and habits of birds; but the good farmer loved them and lived among them, and much was revealed to him which we should seek for in vain in books.

These Cove people are a strangely-superstitious race, too. We have horse-shoes nailed upon the four corners of our house and barn to keep off evil spirits; and in the village, one evening, I heard a woman tell her son to be sure to turn his jacket inside out when he went to the pasture for the cows, for fear of 'the pixies.' Then, too, Farmer Wilson has told me how, during a stormy night last winter, a poor sick woman wandered from her home in a fit of delirium, and at midnight knocked at the door of one of the fishermen's houses at the Cove. The fisherman, wakened by the noise, went to the window, raised it, looked out, and then immediately went back to bed, saying to his wife, 'It's nothing but a spirit with a baby in its arms.' 'And Sam Pratt's faith in spirits cost the poor woman her life,' continued the farmer, 'for the next morning she was found drowned on the shore, while her child was discovered asleep among the fish-flakes above the beach.'

This and many other as strange stories have I heard since I have been here. And one can hardly wonder that an ignorant people, living so directly upon the sea-shore, should believe in supernatural sights and sounds. The wild, hollow roaring of the ocean, the wailing voices that sometimes seem to rise from among the rocks, the singular, weird-like forms into which the sea-fog is wreathed by the wind, impress even an unimaginative mind with a sense of awe. There must for ever be an inscrutable mystery in the sea. We all feel its solemn influence, and in the minds of these uncultivated but poetical people, it takes the form of superstition.

This morning I set forth for a walk, and having noticed a shady little path leading into the woods at the back of the farm-house, I determined to explore it. Very quiet and pleasant it was, in the bright fresh morning, this little brown path bordered with ferns and low green bushes, with here and there beds of the bright-red partridge-berry, 'making sunshine in a shady place,' and the lofty pines and hemlocks meeting overhead. I love hemlock-trees always and every where: they stand, so firmly and yet so gracefully, their stately aspiring branches all curving upward, while the little green boughs bend lovingly and tenderly toward the earth. There is a wise lesson for God's children taught by these silent ministers of His love, if we could but interpret aright their gentle whispering voices.

But now we must go on through the wood. The little path looks more inviting than even that mossy seat under the hemlocks. There is a charm in exploring the winding path through a wood. The narrow, well-trodden way brings just enough of human interest into the wildness of nature; it suggests pleasant thoughts, and lures you on with a vague promise of new and wonderful developments. And so I wandered on, stopping occasionally to listen to the song of a bird, or to watch the

squirrels at play in the tall trees, or to catch the distant sound of the waves, softened into a murmur like, and yet plainly distinguishable from, the music of the pines above me, until I reached in the heart of the wood a small cleared field, to which the path evidently led, and which seemed to have been the site of a house, for a well still remained, and a broad stone door-step. Among the weeds and grass which grew in rank profusion all around, I saw purple pansies peeping forth, marking where the garden had once been. These sociable little flowers seem to belong exclusively to the haunts of men, and I thought their bright faces smiled up a welcome to me, as if they were glad to greet once more a human face in their solitude. But the most remarkable thing about this place was a sweet-brier bush of great size which bent in luxuriant beauty over the door-stone. It was laden with buds and blossoms, and filled the air with its fragrance. I seated myself on the stone, and fell into deep musings about this deserted home. What was its history? I tried to picture the busy feet that had worn away the door-step, and the loving hands that had planted and trained the rose-tree. But why was it forsaken? In vain I pondered; the rose-tree waved gaily in the morning breeze, but gave no answer to my questionings; only the pines that stood like sentinels around the desolate place seemed, in their mournful sighing, to murmur some sad secret to each other.

I was roused from my reverie by the sound of an approaching foot-step, and through a vista in the wood I saw an old man coming slowly along, bending under the weight of a huge fagot which he carried upon his shoulders. His appearance was so picturesque, and harmonized so well with the whole character of the scene, that I hastily seized my pencil to make a sketch of his figure before he should have passed out of sight. At some slight motion of my paper he started and turned his face toward me, and then dropping his fagot he stood staring at me, fear and dismay painted upon every feature. I instantly rose and went toward him, and as I advanced caught the words, 'Yes, the children are right, it *is* Lucy;' but when I came up to him he recovered himself and said, with a deep sigh of relief, 'Oh, it's only the woman what boards with Skipper Wilson. Beg pardon, Ma'am, but you see I was kinder skeered. I thought you was a spirit a-sittin' at the homestead door. This is a lonesome place to meet a white woman in, and a place as has a good right to a white woman, too. Oh my! but I *was* skeered!' The old man seated himself to recover his breath, while I, perceiving that he had been startled by my white dress and sun-bonnet into believing me a supernatural appearance, was burning with curiosity to know who Lucy was, and what law of nature made it probable that a white woman should appear just at this place. I was aware of the superstitious character of the people, and I had listened to their stories until I was all ready to see a spirit myself, although I confess I was not prepared to act the part of one. As soon as my picturesque old friend had recovered his senses sufficiently, I told him of my strong desire to learn the history of the deserted house, and also to know whose spiritual form I had had the honor of representing. He was only too glad to answer my questions, for these country-people are mighty talkers, but I found it rather difficult to keep

him to the point in question. He was continually rambling off in episodes concerning his own history and that of his wife and children. At last, getting interested himself in the tale, he related, with a kind of rough pathos and much real feeling, the story of the homestead and its blooming rose, which will form the second sketch from the Cove.

S O N G O F T H E B E L L .

'To call the folk to church in time,
I chime:
When mirth and pleasure 's on the wing,
I ring:
When from the body parts the soul,
I toll!

INSCRIPTION ON AN ANCIENT BELL.

I CHIME! I chime!
Bright o'er the hills the Sabbath sun is beaming,
And the broad landscape smiles beneath the glow;
The stately river is like silver gleaming,
Like threads of gold the tiny streamlets flow.
Then from my gray and antiquated tower,
With moss and climbing ivy all o'ergrown,
Gladly my tongue proclaims the sacred hour,
With thrilling sweetness in its every tone:
The hour of worship — ever blessed hour!
I chime! I chime!
Holy time!

I ring! I ring!
In yon sweet cottage there is joyful meeting,
And merry youths and maidens gather there;
For 't is the bridal morn, and cordial greeting
And warm response are filling all the air.
As forth they lead the bride with roses crowned,
And as they near the quaint old Gothic church,
Whose portal, which before like dungeon's frowned,
Is decked with flowers like a triumphal arch,
Then joyously peals out my merriest sound:
I ring! I ring!
Mirth 's on the wing!

I toll! I toll!
Sadness like night full many a heart is keeping,
Death is at hand, and human hopes must fail;
Full many an eye is swollen with weary weeping,
And many cheeks with bitter grief are pale.
The young, the brave, the loved, in death is lying,
And with him many a hope departs for ever;
Can ye then wonder that fond friends are sighing,
Although their parting may not be for ever?
Then solemnly a requiem for the dying
I toll! I toll!
God rest his soul!

Amherst College, March, 1852.

DELTA.

B A L L A D S O F M E X I C O .

BY JAMES LINEN.

II.

THE DREAM OF THE AZTEC.

THE Emperor MONTEZUMA retires to his bower in the garden when he hears of the massacre of Cholula, and the determination of the Spaniards to visit him in his own city, and broods over his inevitable destiny. He falls asleep, and QUETZALCOATL appears to him in a dream, the benevolent deity who had long abandoned the country, and of whom it is said, 'When he reached the shore of the Mexican Gulf, he took leave of his followers, promising that he and his descendants would revisit them hereafter, and then entering his wizard skiff, made of serpents' skins, embarked on the great ocean for the fabled land of Tlapallan.' Tradition and mythology say that 'under him the earth teemed with fruits and flowers,' and that 'the air was filled with intoxicating perfumes, and the sweet melody of birds.' The awful predictions of the vision, and the dismal apprehensions of MONTEZUMA.

In the vale of Anahuac, like glory's golden crown,
Behind the porphyry mountains the sun is going down;
While the Aztec MONTEZUMA to his garden-bower repairs,
But his eyes are downward cast, and a troubled look he wears.

On his feet are burnished sandals, on his head a plume of green,
And his feathered *tilmatti* is gemmed with stones of sparkling sheen.
Cascades are leaping by his path, and woodland minstrels sing,
While shrubs and brilliant flowers around delightful odors fling.

What to him are battle-trophies and bannered palace-walls,
Where feast his nobles and his priests in palm-leaf matted halls?
What to him his jewelled crown and the pageantry of state,
When his mighty heart is crushed, and he bends beneath the weight?

Pavilioned in his fragrant bower, he seeks a brief repose
From his court-harassing cares and the fear of coming woes;
The passing zephyrs gently fan the swarthy monarch's brow,
And dreams of dark forebodings disturb his slumber now.

A vision stands before him with a lofty god-like air,
And a dark and flowing beard such as mortals never wear;
He seems like some good aged seer whose race is nearly run;
Oh! comes he from Tlapallan or the region of the Sun?

'Submission to the laws of Fate a monarch well beseems;
I am the long-departed god that haunts you in your dreams;
I come my mountain-land to claim, far from an eastern shore,
To scatter blessings o'er the realm, as in the days of yore.

'What though the sanguine Tlaloc showered no reviving rain,
I ever plenty sent to all throughout this wide domain;
In Anahuac's halcyon days no desert spots were seen,
And clothed were hills, that now are bare, in rich perennial green.

'The air was filled with sweet perfumes, birds ever joyous sang;
With music wild and ravishing the rocks and Valley rang.
Now, a mildew blights the flowers, and a gloom pervades the land,
O'er which I waved in glory enchantment's golden wand.

'You tremble, MONTEZUMA! Why starts the coward tear?
Be worthy of your princely race: the brave ne'er shake with fear.
Your very days are numbered now; from Fate you cannot fly;
And as an Aztec you have lived, so like an Aztec die.

'The pale mysterious strangers in pomp and triumph come,
And yet, unhappy monarch, your oracles are dumb;
They climb the steep Sierra, they march o'er wastes of snow,
And fierce Tlascalans swell their ranks, your most abhorrent foe.

'Showers of arrows harmless fall, and *caciques* in anger frown,
Yet the temples they despoil and the idols tumble down;
Lightnings flash and thunders roar in their victorious path;
They surely are the ministers of HEAVEN'S avenging wrath.

'Impervious is the armor of the Children of the Sun,
Who bring a purer faith than yours, and have no gods but one;
They speak of man's redemption and universal love,
And tell of glorious mansions in a happy world above.

'They soon shall reach your city-gates, soon all your treasures claim,
For to those bold invaders no terror has your name:
You cannot stay their onward course, so for the worst prepare;
Where your tasselled thongs are hanging you soon shall fetters wear.

'All your gods shall quickly vanish, and never more return,
And palace and *teocalli* in flames terrific burn;
Ascending smoke shall blacken yon blue and cloudless sky,
And your boasted Tenochtitlan in wide-spread ashes lie.

'The waters of Tezeuca shall be crimsoned with the blood
Of valiant Aztec soldiers, who the brunt of wars have stood;
Your subjects that are spared, with a sad and broken heart,
Shall from fair Anahuac in wretchedness depart.

'In vain you trust your bloody priests, and on your gods rely,
Whose altars smoke with hecatombs that loud for vengeance cry:
The tribes who loathe your very name, yet fear your dreadful sway,
Shall with a hellish laugh behold your empire pass away.'

As gathering mists the mountain hide, the phantom disappears;
The sweat falls from the monarch's brow, whose eyes are bathed in tears;
He weeps, whose royal will is law, who never brooked control;
The vision and his dismal dream sink deep into his soul.

New-York, August, 1852.

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY VIATOR.

VII.

HOW ONE PASSES THE TIME.

IMMEDIATELY after rising, of course you take a bath. After breakfast, you may lounge away an hour or two very pleasantly in chat on the piazza, and in scraping acquaintance with last evening's arrivals.

If you are a horseman, ride to Bath Alum, and on your way you can visit Prospect Rock, by diverging a little from the road when you reach the summit. One soon acquires a taste for the alum-water, just as people do for any other stimulant.

Or you may ride to the Hot Springs and steam yourself in one of those baths. They are not as agreeable as those at the Warm Springs, not being arranged in the same attractive manner, but rather for the accommodation of invalids, most of whom bathe separately. The water is several degrees warmer than that at the Warm Springs, and, although probably heated in the same furnace, presents a somewhat different analysis. After having seen all that is interesting here, you may take a seat on the piazza of the excellent hotel, and listen to the experience of a group of rheumatic and gouty patients who are sunning themselves. One old gentleman hobbles along with a cane at a very brisk rate, and asks a friend if he has n't improved in his gait. Another details at great length a history of his sufferings; how he was laid up for many months, and what this doctor said, and that doctor did, and how soon the effects of this water made themselves apparent when he was here last summer, but somehow the pains returned again in the winter; still he is encouraged by Doctor Brockenbrough to believe that, as Rome was not built in a day, so this disease is not to be boiled out in a month; and he really thinks he perceives a change in his whole system, notwithstanding the twinges which occasionally dance about from one leg to the other in such a way as to make *him* dance; and how he means to go from here to the White Sulphur, and drink that water until he gets 'the insides all right;' then to the Sweet Springs, and try the tonic effects of *that* bath. Another member of the group begins to relate some astonishing cases of cure he has heard of; and so they discourse ad infinitum, until you begin to think you'll be sick yourself if you listen much longer. So you return in time for dinner and a nap. There is almost always pleasant company at the Warm Springs, although not much gayety. Ladies do not unpack their ball-dresses until they reach the White Sulphur, and a single darkey with his violin supplies music for all the dancing. There was a dark-haired Alabamian with turned-down collars, (Colonel Wilson,) who devoted himself most assiduously to Miss Clara. Mr. Easy ran a tilt with him for her hand in the dance to such an extent that Mrs. Easy became quite nervous, and took occasion to intimate to him in my

presence, in a half-jocular, half-serious vein, that he need not imagine he could play the same game with the young girls which he had performed when visiting the place alone during the previous summer; for now that he had his wife with him, he could not, with all his ardent looks and smiles, make any young lady mistake him for a single man.

After enlisting all hands in a regular break-down Virginia reel, the ladies retired, and the gentlemen mostly repaired to Charles's headquarters, to await, over some of his mixtures, the stage from Staunton. The moment the twinkle of the lights is seen on the mountain, Charles musters a half-dozen waiters to assist unloading the crowded vehicle, which soon comes clattering up to the door. Steps are planted at the side and a ladder to the roof, and as bundles, trunks, and carpet-bags are passed down from above, the tired passengers descend from below with a gait which indicates that they have almost lost the use of their legs by long cramping. The ladies are escorted up the long flight of steps; the gentlemen hasten into the office to register their names, and secure good rooms. One face seems familiar; it is Mr. Williams, who steps in with the air of one who feels at home, slaps Charles on the shoulder, and asks him how he's off for venison about these times; recognizes an old friend in Colonel Wilson, and tells him, in a voice intended for all present to hear, that it is very lively at Capon: splendid company, some good fellows, and lots of fun; would n't have left, but for his cousin Sydney, who took a fancy to come over with a party: a very pleasant family, by-the-by; must introduce you. Sydney's fond of the ladies, you know; must go up and see what they are doing about supper; and with that he throws off his shaggy, short sack-coat, and departs to join the others. Having secured a *Baltimore Sun*, I'll retire to my cabin, read the news, and turn in: and so ends the day.

VIII.

P R O S P E C T - R O C K .

I BELIEVE that's the name; it's a very good one, at all events, for a huge rock on the highest point, in front of the Springs. We started after breakfast, and walking leisurely, came, in the course of an hour, to the toll-gate.

Some flaxen-headed urchins were playing in front of the house, and one of them went in and told 'mammy' that there was a lady wanted some water; and soon after, 'mammy,' a delicate-looking young woman, brought out a gourd full of water, and a tumbler. She told us that they enjoyed tolerably good health, all things considered; but it was rather cold there in winter. 'My old man has the rheumatiz then, and the warm spring water did n't seem to help him any, though some folks thinks it's done them good.'

She used the term 'old man' in a figurative sense, as is the custom of the country in designating the father of a family; for her husband, who soon made his appearance from a neighboring potato-patch, had not much exceeded his thirtieth year. He told us all about the high rock, and said he did not know why there had n't been a flag put up there this last Fourth of July, as usual. I remarked that perhaps the

people were secessionists. He put a big quid of tobacco in his mouth, and chewed it a while as if a new idea had occurred to him, and then remarked :

‘Wal, no, I reckon not; there hain’t many of them kind of cattle about here.’

We proceeded to ascend to the rock by a well-defined though somewhat steep pathway. The view is really fine, and no visitor should fail to enjoy it. Bath Alum and the Warm Springs, and miles upon miles of mountains and hills in every direction. All that is wanting is water to make it perfect.

As we approached the rock, voices were heard in the neighborhood, but we could see no one. While passing around to find the place of ascent, George Riverman suddenly stopped, and, looking through a kind of cleft which was almost covered by shrubbery, seemed suddenly fascinated by some object which he motioned us to come and see, putting a finger to his lips at the same time. We grasped our canes, expecting to find at least a rattle-snake; but when we came to look, beheld nothing but a foot.

‘A foot?’

Yes, a foot; but such a foot! so small and so exquisitely formed; and such an ankle, set off to the utmost advantage by a nicely-fitting gaiter! The very gaiter alone was enough to have kindled the most lively imagination in the mind of a pedal connoisseur as to the wearer, of whom we could see nothing except the lower part of a silk dress, from underneath which peeped out the lace-edging of a petticoat. The end of a parasol was resting on the foot, which in its turn rested on a rock, and seemed to indicate, by its gentle vibration from heel to toe, that the lady it belonged to was listening to some interesting tale, or musing on the romantic view before her.

A gentleman was heard addressing some remarks to her in a voice which sounded familiar, and on arriving at the other side, we recognized Mr. Sydney, who gave a polite nod of recognition, and moved with his companion a little farther on to join a tall, fine-looking elderly gentleman, apparently her father, who was engaged in rolling huge stones over the side of the precipice, and timing the sound of their fall by his watch. But we had a glimpse of the lady that was enough to run George Riverman wild. Jet-black hair, simply parted on an intellectual but not high forehead, sparkling black eyes, seeming to light up an exquisitely white complexion, and Grecian features of a faultless regularity which Phidias might have copied, with a dimple in her cheek which made her smile absolutely bewitching. She combined beauty, intellect, and grace such as I have seldom seen in one countenance. They commenced descending the mountain, and as we gazed at their retiring forms we jumped at the conclusion that a third party would decidedly spoil company. The father seemed to think so, from his moderate pace compared with theirs.

‘Well, I declare,’ said Mrs. Easy, ‘how you men do run on about a pretty foot!’

‘Exactly so,’ said Mr. Easy; ‘just as if Miss Clara’s was not quite as well formed!’

'Hush! she hears you, although she appears to be so much interested in Colonel Wilson's talk. And why do you wish to make her more vain?'

'Pshaw! I think if she has any fault, she is not vain enough. She cannot believe that a gentleman can find anything agreeable in her, and rather avoids attentions on that account.'

'Come,' said Mrs. Easy, 'you have flattered her enough already.'

We found on returning that the lady of the beautiful foot was Miss Dalton, daughter of Major Dalton, of North Carolina. During the remainder of our stay, Mr. Sydney gave no chance to George Riverman or any other beau. Mr. Williams didn't seem to be altogether satisfied, and was constantly urging Sydney to start for the White Sulphur. It is time I should take the reader there.

IX.

THE WHITE SULPHUR.

It is a good day's ride from the Warm Springs to the White Sulphur, although short of fifty miles. After five miles you come to the Hot Springs. Callahan's is the next great point on the route, being the principal dining-house for passengers going both ways. They have a fashion of doing up chickens here, by extracting all the blood, and then cooking them with cream, which I never saw elsewhere.

It is up-hill almost all the way between this place and the White Sulphur, as you have to cross two of the Alleghany mountains. We arrived about sun-set, having started from the Warm Springs at eight o'clock, A. M.

The appearance of the place as you approach is certainly very attractive. I can readily suppose that with respect to position it must be, as claimed, superior to any other watering-place. On the slope of one of the Alleghany mountains, three long rows of cottages are to be seen, the two upper ones with a connecting range, forming a kind of hollow square, which encloses many acres of beautiful green-sward, interspersed with majestic trees. The road comes in between the two lower rows. The cottages are in every style of architecture, from plain log-cabins and small brick apartments to stately colonnades, and as you drive up by twilight, the whole has a most enchanting effect. But one's expectations, formed on entering, are liable to receive a sudden chill when you descend from the stage. Ladies and gentlemen are escorted into a little dirty room with no other furniture than a few chairs. On the opposite side of the entry in another little room you register your names, and then pass through a narrow passage into a long low apartment, redolent of a hundred different smells, where you take supper; after which a procession of darkies shoulder or head your baggage and 'tote' it up to 'Virginia,' 'Georgia,' 'Carolina,' or some other 'row.' The cabins are tolerably well supplied with what is absolutely necessary, and we had no reason to complain of the attendance, there being a sort of a hole in the basement of one, from which a man of all work emerged whenever he was called upon. Our cabin in Georgia-row was an elysium after our ride that day.

Not being equipped for the ball-room, we went to the piazza of a small frame-house dignified by that name, and peeped into the windows. A thick, chubby little woman was trotting about, arranging the dancers, and acting the part of Mistress of Ceremonies. There was a respectable band of music, and waltzing and dancing proceeded with some life, but we saw no extraordinary display of beauty or fashion. A scarcity of beaux was to be inferred from the number of married men who were enlisted in the quadrilles. Here and there could be seen some well-known southern politician, chatting with the belles, or cracking jokes with fellow-honorables. Among those who seemed to be strolling around, trying to get some lady to take pity on them, was the old bachelor of the Winchester train. His shirt-collar seemed as if it would cut off his ears, and his yellow cravat as if it were fastened to his skin, a diamond pin being inserted exactly at the centre of the knot, while patent leathers garnished an enormously large pair of feet. A widow of about forty, a quiet, lady-like and graceful daughter, formed the focus of attraction, being both of them well known in the fashionable world. It was easy to see that the mother still rivalled the daughter in personal and intellectual attractions. She was perfectly at home in all society, and knew how to adapt herself to each of her gentlemen acquaintance, ministering to his predominant vanity in such a delicate manner that he went away fascinated with her and better pleased with himself. Judges of the court, ex-governors, ex-senators, ex-speakers, were all studiously saluted by their titles, and made to believe that in her opinion, at least, they were great men. A group was constantly around her, listening to her sprightly and witty comments on men and things, for which many years of constant residence in the gay circles of Washington, Newport, Saratoga, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, gave her abundant material. One such person is a host at such a place; and when she arrives, it is surprising to observe what a stylish look even the most stupid place assumes. Mrs. Snubbs, a young married woman, who we learned had been spending some weeks there without her husband, from whom it was reported that she was separated, seemed to excel the young ladies in attracting the beaux. She was not pretty, nor yet plain, with fair, well-formed features, a low forehead, black hair, long eye-lashes, but dull, lustreless eyes, from which she indulged in rather brazen stares, and a somewhat prominent chin and neck. Her pirouettes in the cotillion, and the never-tiring energy with which she engaged in the waltz, the polka, and the gallopade, had already made her so conspicuous that, for the very reason why the ladies rather avoided her, the gentlemen all sought her society.

What a contrast between her manners and those of the refined, aristocratic-looking daughter of a distinguished Virginian judge in the same quadrille! The first has a word for every gentleman as she turns in the jig, and, after the quadrille, you will find her the last to leave off promenading the piazza with two beaux, who both escort her to her cabin, and seem loth to part with her there. After the ball, and having escorted our ladies to Georgia-row, Mr. Riverman and I started off in search of the spring. On inquiring the way, a civil-looking gentleman in the bar-room, with a huge watch-chain of pure lumps of California gold, offered

to escort us, and on the way made many inquiries whence we came and whereabouts we were quartered, and, parting with us at the spring, told us we should find an agreeable place of relaxation a short distance beyond. Thought him very polite on short acquaintance, and the next day found him presiding over a faro-bank at the place of relaxation named by him. We heard afterward that there had been a great relaxation of purse-strings, and that some of the bucks were obliged to ask the landlords to take checks for board, having had no idea that a trip to the Springs would cost so much.

X.

THE SPRING, THE GROUNDS, AND THE LIVING.

THE White Sulphur water tastes not unlike that of Avon or Sharon, in New-York, but is not near as strongly impregnated with sulphur. It has consequently less of the rotten-egg flavor, but is nevertheless, I think, not so tolerable to the taste, because it is not near as cold, that of Sharon being always at forty-eight degrees, while this is only about sixty degrees. It is said to be more efficient as a remedy, because of the greater variety of ingredients, such as magnesia, Epsom salts, etc. The most remarkable stories are told of its penetrating and active effects.

It rises in a deep, oblong basin, lined with marble, and thickly encrusted on all sides with a whitish deposit which has to be removed occasionally. Over the spring is a kind of temple for protection from the rain and sun, and in front, a statue of Hygeia. From the spring the water flows into a beautiful serpentine creek, which ought to be the most ornamental feature of the grounds, but which, from a singular carelessness or want of taste in laying out the place, is entirely hidden from view by the stables and out-houses.

The spring is at one end of the beautiful oblong green slope, enclosed on three sides by cottages, and at a short distance from it, on the right, are the two rickety old wooden buildings which are made to serve the purpose of dining and ball-rooms. From these three points diverge broad and convenient paths to all parts of the grounds, and in which one may walk a circuit of two or three miles and find considerable variety, according as he is on the hill overlooking the whole summer-village, or in the valley looking up at the great variety of erections for cottage accommodation, from the stately colonnade-row and the private cottages down to the simple series of small cells, all, however, with piazzas in front, and a cheerful, social look. Then there's no lack of life. Ladies in morning-dresses, lounging on the piazzas, or strolling toward the different cottages to exchange calls; and gentlemen seated on the benches under the trees, discoursing of ladies, horses, politics, and sporting—all sorts and conditions of people.

This cabin-system is very pleasant for small parties who have company enough in themselves, or for those who, from their location, or previous visits, are likely to meet with many acquaintances. They are very cosy, save all necessity for ascending stairs, are less disturbed by noise, and more free from dangers by fire than a large building. They are also decidedly more aristocratic, giving you a chance to be as exclusive as you please.

But, on the other hand, the cabins are liable to be very hot in the day-time, and very cold at night, so much so that all of them are provided with fire-places. Not unfrequently a fire is necessary to keep out the dampness. They are somewhat of a draw-back on that sociability and gayety which is to be found generally where a large company is collected in one house. This is more peculiarly the case at the White Sulphur, because there is no common parlor where the company can assemble. The ball-room brings together most of the ladies at night, but its accommodations are too limited for a large number; and were it otherwise, there is nothing about it which renders it an inviting place during the day-time: no tables, chess-boards, or other conveniences for passing the time, such as are to be found in all the northern watering-places, and some others of Virginia. If a person comes there unacquainted, it will be a long time before he will feel otherwise than among strangers. And this is not from any want of disposition, for the southerners congregated here are proverbial, as a body, for their cordiality, but from want of opportunity. The cabins make many separate circles, and ladies and gentlemen are not brought as constantly in contact as they are in the United States at Saratoga, the Pavilion at Sharon, or the Ocean House at Newport.

The arrangements for feeding (a most appropriate term here) have long been somewhat notorious. At the sound of a large bell the company assemble on the piazza of the dining-room, where, after a few moments, a small bell summons you to the dining-room, in which narrow tables are laid as close as possible for five hundred persons. During the visit of President Fillmore upwards of one thousand were dined here, tables having been set on the piazza. Mutton is the staple commodity in the way of meat, and if your waiter is stimulated by a fee, you will get a very good piece, for the mountain sheep are very juicy and rich. The bread is excellent, and, although one cannot dine as he would at the Astor, yet with an occasional extra dish from the restaurant, he may get along very well. The ordinary fare is quite good enough for those who are drinking the waters and for health, were it only served up in a neat and well-ventilated building, the villanous smell being a serious draw-back upon the relish of any viands, however good.

II.

PERSONALITIES.

Our old bachelor friend was always posted, at the ringing of the second bell, close to the dining-room door, and immediately on the opening of the doors pounced in, and was first to present his plate for 'a piece of the saddle near the bone, and plenty of gravy.' The Rivermans found out that his name was Larch, and that he was one of their fellow-citizens; whereupon Mr. R. overhauled his mercantile recollections, and thought he had heard of some such man who had recently become rich by a speculation in cod-fish. Mr. Larch scraped acquaintance with them, and began to be very civil to Miss Clara, who, however, tossed her head when he came near her, and answered in monosyllables, whereat Mrs. Riverman would exclaim, 'Why, Clara!' He watched every evening for the arrival

of the easterly stages, but seldom found an acquaintance. At length there arrived Mrs. and Miss Cushing, and the pretty colored maid, whom we parted from at Winchester; also Messrs. Williams and Sydney. Mr. Larch was particularly polite, and walked with the ladies to their cabin, which had been secured by him.

In the evening, Miss Cushing was at the ball, with the same die-away look, and detailed in our hearing to Mr. Larch all her experience of Capon. 'It was delightful there, and the waters seemed to suit me, but *Maa* wanted me to try the Bath Alum, and that was *horrid*, and the company very stoopid, so we went over to the Warm for a little while.' She seemed exhausted with the effort, and listlessly attended to Mr. Larch's detail of his experience of the different waters, occasionally drawling out 'y-e-s,' and anxiously looking for an invitation to dance, which she at last obtained from Mr. Williams, who just then entered in complete costume du bal with Mr. Sydney. During the evening, the order of things at the Warm Springs was completely reversed: Sydney only danced occasionally, and hurried out of the room long before the ball was over.

T O M Y B O O T S .

BY FEDES.

MINE ancient pedal friends, a last farewell!
 So many days we've footed it together
 The lane of life, in fair and stormy weather,
 Mine eyes well-nigh their lid-dikes o'erswell.
 I well remember me thou didst encase
 My nether limbs with pressure warm and tight;
 And many a corny twinge from morn till night
 Evinced the ardency of thine embrace.
 Soon, like the love of some long-married wife,
 Thy grasp, if not so strong, was still as true,
 And pleasanter; and, as we grew in life,
 Thou wert as gentle as a pliant shoe;
 And while on thee I trampled every day,
 To shield and succor me thou wor'st thy sole away.

Though I despise the slander-monger's art,
 And scorn the wretch who blackens the fair fame
 Of one whose richest fortune is his name,
 (The wretch whose steel goes deeper than the heart,)
 Yet it has been my daily wont, I own,
 To black thy face until its skin has shone
 With ebon glow, as lustrous as the hue
 That forms the charm of Guinea's native breed;
 But 't was not that I hated thee: indeed,
 I prized thee so, that when thy sole broke through
 And let in water, 't was my special heed
 A man of awls thy gaping wounds should sew.
 And now a pang athwart my pocket shoots
 To part with thee at last, O faithful, faithful boots!

S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

IX.

T H E D E P A R T U R E .

Who sings and what rings in the street there below?
 The young maidens open the windows to know.
 'Tis the student for far lands departing,
 And his comrades must witness his starting.

Loud shout all the others as gaily they swing
 Their hats decked with ribbons and flowers of the spring;
 But he in their joy cannot enter,
 He walks still and pale in the centre.

Clear clang the touched glasses, bright sparkles the wine:
 'Drink oft, and drink deeply, dear brother of mine!'
 'No: the wine but enkindles the yearning
 That deep in my bosom is burning.'

When toward the last house of the town they draw nigh,
 The student looks up to the window on high,
 And his hand strives to check the wild sobbing
 That bursts from his heart with its throbbing.

When toward the last house come the shrill-laughing rout,
 The window flies open, the maiden looks out,
 And the tear on her cheek she discloses,
 Mid the violets and mid the roses.

'Dear brother, and hast thou no flowers to wear?
 Look up! there's enough in the window up there;
 And yon maiden who sees thine abasement
 Will fling thee a bunch from the casement.'

'With a nosegay of flowers what, what can I do?
 No maiden love I, brothers, as I love you!
 Flowers fade when the sun cometh hither;
 At the breath of the cold wind they wither.'

They passed ever farther with clang and with song,
 And the poor maiden listened and lingered full long.
 'Ah, woe! that from him I must sever,
 Whom I have loved and will love for ever!

'My roses must perish, my violets have blown;
 I rest with my heart and its passion alone:
 For my darling, he whom I loved only,
 Is gone! Oh, poor heart, thou art lonely!'

LUDWIG UHLAND.

I.

THE LEAP INTO HEAVEN.

'O MONK of the wilderness, blest is thy lot!'

So spake the sweet voice of the angel;

'Thy penitent mourning thy pardon hath wrought:

I bring thee the blessed evangel.

In the dread Book of Life, with its pages of gold,

By the hand of the HIGHEST thy name is enrolled,

Near the name of King RICHARD of England!'

'Be thanked, O thou glory-clad angel of God,

For thy message of peace and of pardon!

Glad pass I, O DEATH, through thy gloomy abode,

Since the city of God is my guerdon.

Yet my comrade, O angel, amazes me sore;

For much hath he battled, and sinned yet more,

The King of old England, King RICHARD.'

'Yea, much hath he battled and sinn'd, I avow;

And the blood from his curtal-axe flowing

Hath cried unto HEAVEN for vengeance ere now,

Yet rejoice that with thee he is going.

Much, much hath he done for the cause of the LORD,

And like thee he receiveth the blessed reward,

The King of old England, King RICHARD!

'There were many kings went to the Holy Land

To win back the tomb of the SAVIOUR;

But they anchored with fear off the Syrian strand;

There showed they no gallant behavior.

When they saw how the hosts of the Saracens came,

They would have turned back, but *he* hindered the shame,

That King of old England, King RICHARD.

'He shouts from the back of his charger, 'What ho!

The day of our longing dawns o'er us:

See there the proud Paynim: up, brothers! one blow,

And we sweep them like sheep from before us!

Ye have heavily sinn'd: would ye lighten your load?

Strike in then with me, we are striking for God!'

Cried the King of old England, King RICHARD.

'The princes have heard, and shame fills every heart,

That fear should have entered it ever;

They leap on the shore, they have taken the port,

And triumph hath crowned their endeavor.

The Cross hath the *los*, and the Paynim have fled,

They have cast down their arms 'neath the glorious tread

Of the King of old England, King RICHARD!

'*Thou* hast fasted and prayed; thou hast watched the long night;

Thou hast served the high HEAVEN on knee:

He hath wrought his devoir in the stormy fight;

And grace is for him as for thee.

Thy meekness and penance for thee shall avail;

He leaps into heaven, all sheathed in his mail,

The Lion-heart! RICHARD of England!'

KARL SIMROCK.

Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

THE LITTLE PROPHECY OF BOHEMISCHBRODA

HERE are written the thirteen chapters of the prophecy of GABRIEL JOHANNES NEPOMUCENUS FRANCISCUS DE PAULA WALDSTORCH, known as WALDSTÖRCHEL, native of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia, Philosoph. et Theolog. Moral. Studio in Colleg. Mai. R R, P P, Societ. Jes., son of a discreet and honorable person, EUSTACHIUS JOSEPHUS WOLFGANGUS WALDSTORCH, master maker of musical instruments, and dealer in violins, dwelling in the Judengasse of the Alt Stadt in Prague, near the Carmes, at the sign of the red violin; and he hath written them with his hand, and he hath called them his vision. *

CANTICUM CYGNI BOHEMICI.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE THREE MINUETS.

AND I was in my garret, which I call my chamber, and it was cold, and I had no fire in my stove, for wood was dear.

And I was wrapped in my cloak, which was once blue, and is now become white, since it hath been much worn.

And I practised on my violin to warm my fingers, and I foresaw that the carnival of the coming year would be long.

And the Demon of Ambition whispered in my soul, and I said to myself:

'Come, let us compose minuets for the Redoubt of Prague; let my glory fly from mouth to mouth, and let it be known throughout the world and all over Bohemia.

'And let the world point me out, terming me the Composer of Minuets *κατ' ἐξοχην*, which is to say, *par excellence*.

'And let the beauty of my minuets be every where spoken of, both by those who shall dance and those who shall play them, and let them be performed during the fair of the *Jubilate* at Leipsic, in all the taverns, and let the world exclaim:

"Behold the beautiful minuets of the Carnival of Prague; behold the minuets of Gabriel Johannes Nepomucenus Franciscus de Paula Waldstorch, student of philosophy; behold the minuets of the GREAT COMPOSER! Behold them!"

And I abandoned myself to all the chimeras of pride, and I intoxicated myself with the vapor of vanity, and cocked my hat.

And I folded my arms and marched with dignity up and down the garret, which I call my chamber, and said in the drunkenness of my ambitious projects:

'How happy will my father be to have an illustrious son! My mother will bless the belly which hath borne me, and the breasts which gave me suck!'

And I continued to delight myself in the bewilderment of my ideas, and held up my head, which by nature is not remarkably high.

And I was heated by ambition, although there was no wood in the stove; and I said:

'How admirable is it to have an elevated soul, and what great things are developed by the love of glory!'

And I put on my cloak, which was once blue, and is now white, since it hath been much worn, and I took my violin, and I composed on the spot three minuets in succession, and the second was in minor.

And I played them upon the violin, and they pleased me much; and I played them again, and they pleased me more; and I said: 'But it's a fine thing to be an author!'

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE VOICE.

AND suddenly my chamber (which is only a garret) was illuminated with a great light, although there was only a farthing candle upon the table.

(For I burn a candle when I study music, for then I am gay;

And I burn cheap oil when I study philosophy, for then I am sad.)

And I heard a voice as of one roaring with laughter, and the laugh was louder than the sound of my violin.

And I was irritated at being mocked, (for I am naturally averse to mockery.)

And the voice, which I did not see, said to me:

'Be angry no longer, for I laugh at and mock thy rage; and thou art naturally averse to mockery.

'Lay aside thy wrath immediately, and renounce thy glorious projects, for I have annihilated them because they are contrary to mine.

'And another shall compose minuets for the Carnival of Prague, and thine will not be played at the Fair of Leipsic, for thou wilt not have written them!

'For I have chosen and elected thee from among thy companions to announce hard truths to a frivolous and stiff-necked people, who will mock thee (although thou art naturally averse to mockery) because they are indocile and trifling, and they will not believe in thee, because thou wilt have spoken the truth.

'And I have chosen thee for that, because I do what seems good to me, and give no account of it to any body.

'And thou wilt not have composed the minuets, for it is *I* who tell thee so.'

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE PUPPETS.

AND a hand seized me by the queue of my hair, and I felt myself transported through the air, and I was thus carried from Thursday to Friday, wrapped all the while in my cloak, which was once blue, and is now white, since it is much worn.

And I arrived in a city of which I had never before heard speak even to that day; and its name was PARIS; and I saw that it was very great, and *very* dirty.

And it was in the evening, about the fifth hour of the day, that I found myself in an exhibition-room, where crowds were entering.

And my heart throbbed with joy, for I love fine shows, and although not rich, do not mind the expense when I go to see them.

And I said to myself, (for I love to talk to myself when I have time :) 'Without doubt they will in this place play Tamerlane and Bajazet, with great puppets;' for I found the hall too splendid for a mere Punchinello show.

And I heard the tuning of violins, and I said: 'Doubtless they will have the serenade, and make the little puppets dance, when the great ones have said their say.'

For I found the theatre quite large enough for that; and also that there would be some difficulty in making the puppets go in and out between the scenes, which were very close together; and also that there was plenty of room on the stage to dance at least six puppets, which would be a very fine sight.

And although I had seen many puppet-shows in my life, never had I beheld one like this, for the decorations were superb, and the boxes richly gilt; every thing in great taste and remarkably clean.

And in all the travelling theatres of the German comedy I had never seen any thing which could approach it, although they have men to act in them, and not puppets.

But, although the decorations which *we* have are brighter than these, (for they are varnished with varnish and without regard to expense,) I found that these would have been much finer than ours, had they been varnished in the same manner.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE WOOD-CUTTER.

AND while I thus spoke to myself, (for I love to speak to myself when I have time,) I found that the orchestra had begun playing, before I was aware, and that they played something which they called an *overture*.

And I saw a man who held a stick, and I supposed that it was to chastise the bad violinists, many of whom I heard among the good players, (the latter being few in number.)

And he made a noise as if he were splitting wood, and I was astonished that he did not dislocate his shoulder, and the strength of his arm terrified me.

And I reflected, (for I love to reflect when I have time,) and I said to myself:

'Oh, how talents are misplaced in this world! and yet how genius will still show itself, put it where you will!'

And I said: 'Had this man been born in the house of my father, which is a quarter of a league distant from the forest of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia, he would earn as much as thirty pence a day; his family would be wealthy and honored, and his children would live in abundance.

'And the world would say: 'Behold the wood-cutter of Boehmischbroda! behold him!' But his talent, I dare say, avails him very little in this shop, where he can hardly earn bread to eat and water to drink.'

And I saw that this was called beating time; and although it was very powerfully beaten, the musicians did not play together.

And I began to sigh for the serenades which we, the students of the Jesuits, used to perform at night in the streets of Prague, for we kept time, although we had no stick.

And the curtain rose, and I saw cords at the bottom of the theatre which were cast out.

And I said to myself: 'Certainly they will be attached to the head of Tamerlane, and there will be a great procession of puppets after him, (for there were many cords,) and they will open the scene in this manner, and the sight will be magnificent.'

And I thought it stupid that they had not tied the cords to the heads of the puppets before raising the curtain, as we do, for I have a good judgment.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE BLACK EYES.

Not at all! And I saw a shepherd arrive, and the people cried: 'Behold the God of Song! behold him!' And then I knew that I was in the French Opera.

And his voice flattered my ears, and his plaints touched me, and he expressed with art all that he would; and although he sang slowly he did not weary me, for he had soul and taste.

And I saw his shepherdess arrive, and she had great black eyes, to which she gave a gentle expression to console him, as was necessary, (for he told her so.)

And she had a light and brilliant voice which rang like silver, and it was pure as the gold which runs from the furnace, and she sang well songs which were *not* well, and her wind-pipe gave shape and form to things which were flat.

And although the music was vile and poor, it did not seem so when she sang; and I said: 'Ah, thou deceitful one!' for she was full of *art*, and her skill deluded me.

And I said to myself, (for I love to speak to myself when I have time:)

'No doubt this shepherd and shepherdess have enemies, who compel them to sing in puppet-show shops, in order to spoil their voices and injure their lungs.'

For I smelt a smell of oil and tallow which almost poisoned me, born though I be in the forests of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia, where the air is thick; and although I have made all my studies with the aid of a lamp whose oil is not good, for it is only eight-penny oil; and I have studied to advantage, (for I am learned.)

And in the sincerity of my heart I began to curse the enemies of the shepherd and shepherdess, for their voice and song pleased me, although the music troubled me; and I began to pity their unhappy lot, and to grow sentimental, and continued to curse, (for I am wicked when angry.)

CHAPTER SIXTH.

LA MAGICIENNE.

And when my shepherdess, whom I call mine because she pleased me, had consoled my shepherd, whom I call mine because he gave me

pleasure, and when they had mutually caressed each other to their hearts' content, and had nothing more to say, they went away.

And I saw a woman come, and she took great steps, and came to the edge of the stage and frowned, and I inferred that she was in a bad humor.

And she seemed to threaten, which irritated me, for I am of a quick disposition, and dislike menaces; and one who sat by me said: 'She means *me*;' and his neighbor said: 'No, she means *me*!'

And I tried to imagine what reason she could have for being angry, for her entire part was a sad one, and I perceived that it was impossible to guess!

And she held in her hand a wand, which was mysterious, (for so the poet had said,) and by means of this wand she knew every thing, and could do every thing, except *sing*, which she could not do, although she thought she could.

And I heard her give horrible cries, and her veins swelled, and her face became red as Tyrian purple, and her eyes stuck out of her head, and she frightened me.

And I thought that those who sing at the Eagle of Saint Apollonia von Wischerade, even when well foddered and soaked, could never strive with their lungs against the lungs of the sorceress; and I said:

'Oh that they were only here to listen to her, that they might have their pride lowered! and when we students touch the hat to them, they would salute us more politely in return.'

And she raised the dead by the sound of her voice, although she made the living flee for their lives. And I said to myself: 'No doubt that those who are dead and buried in this shop have all naturally a false ear for music.'

And an old man came on the stage, whom the woman with the wand called young, (for so the poet had made him,) although he was more than sixty years old. And he gargled in his throat before all the audience, while pretending to sing.

And I found *that* very disrespectful; and his gargling continued, and his part was finished; and I said: 'Does this man then require so much preparation in order to sing? One would do well to say to him: 'Speak thy part without singing, for thou wouldst speak it well,' (for I have good judgment, and can advise well.)

And his gargling made me laugh; but when I was about to ridicule him, he affected me by his action, and I saw that he was a venerable man, for he was dignified and noble, and gesticulated as never man gesticulated.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

LA CHACONNE.

AND I saw a man who did better than he, and the audience cried: 'LA CHACONNE! LA CHACONNE!' And he did not speak, and I admired him, for he showed his body, and his arms, and his legs, on every side, and he was fine-looking; and when he turned round he was still fine-looking, and his name was Dupré.

And I saw a peasant arrive with his company, and I supposed that

these were musicians in disguise, as they evidently were, for they wrote upon the stage the air which they played; and by their steps I counted the notes of every measure, and the reckoning was just; and I admired their dance, for I understand music; and their name was Lany.

And I saw dancers and leapers without number and without end; and they called it a festival, although it was none, for there was no joy there; and they would not cease; and I inferred that these people were never weary of jumping, although they had an air of weariness, and wearied me and the rest.

And their dances troubled the actors at every instant; and when they were in the best part of the dialogue, on came the jumpers, and the actors were obliged to hurry into a corner and make room for them, although the festival had been gotten up expressly on account of the actors, (for so the poet had said;) and when they had any thing to say, they were permitted to advance and say it, but always under the condition of being sent back again into their corner when they had concluded.

And I thought that we do the thing better, for our actors have nothing in common with the dancing-girls, and always conclude before the latter arrive. (I say what I think.)

And I determined that the poet had sufficient reason for being angry with the dancing-girls, who came to interrupt the conversation of his actors, without assigning any reason for said interruption.

And I thought it very good-natured of him to make the actors call the dancing-girls, when they had nothing to do with them; and although he said that they had something to do, I believed not a word of it, for they actually had nothing to do.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

L A R E C U E I L .

AND I wearied myself for two hours and a half listening to a collection of minuets and airs which they called javottes, and others which they termed rigadoons, and tambourins, and contredanses, the whole intermingled with fragments of song such as we hear in our vespers, even unto this day, with several songs, the tunes of which I have heard played in the different quarters of Prague, and particularly at the sign of the White Cross, and at that of the Archduke Joseph.

And I remarked that this was what in France they called an opera, and I noted it down in my tablets in order to remember it.

CHAPTER NINTH.

L A H A U T E C O N T R E .

AND I was glad to see the curtain fall, and said in my heart: 'Let me never see thee raised again!'

And the voice which was my guide began to laugh, and I felt that it was laughing at me, which irritated me, for I am naturally averse to mockery.

And it said: 'Thou shalt not yet return to the Redoubt of Prague, and thou shalt not yet return, for I do not will it.'

'And thou shalt pass the night here in writing what I will dictate to thee, that which is to be announced to this people, whom I once loved, and is now become odious to me on account of its numerous weaknesses.

'And thou shalt publish them, if thou canst find a publisher who will undertake it; for the spirit of falsehood hath seized upon the printing-offices, and truth is no longer printed with approbation and privilege.'

And I obeyed the voice, because my mother has often said to me: 'Be docile.' And I said to the voice which addressed me: 'I submit to thy will; but if thou hast pity on me, and if thou dost not desire to punish me in the excess of thy rigor,

'Only hinder them from singing while I write, and deliver me from the fear of seeing that thing which they call an opera begin again: for their songs have afflicted me; their sports have troubled my spirit; their sadness is mawkishness, and when they are gay they weary me.'

And the voice said in its kindness: 'Calm thyself, for thou art my son, and I cherished thee before thou hadst composed the three minuets for the Carnival of Prague, of which the second is in minor.

'And they will sing no more, and thine ear shall be in peace, for they are very weary; and the actors, and the wood-cutter, and the violinists of the orchestra have need of repose, for the next representation is at hand.'

And I judged that for the benefit of the lungs it were better to blow a horn in the forest of Boehmischbroda from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, than to sing the *haut contre* three times a week in the opera-shop.

CHAPTER TENTH.

THE CORNER.

AND the voice quieted me, and ordered me to sit in a corner which is called the corner of the queen's side, since it is under the box of the queen, even unto this day:

And although very dark, was yet occupied by very enlightened men, for there the philosophers, and wits, and the elect of the nation assemble even unto this day; and the reprov'd shall not enter there, for they are excluded.

And good and bad is spoken there; the word and the thing. And there the word is heard which breaks the heart of the bad poet, and the thing which terrifies the bad musician.

And it is never dull there, for they listen but little and speak much, although the sentinel frequently says: '*Messieurs, ayez la bonté de baisser la voix!*' 'Silence, gentlemen, if you please!'

And they pay no attention to the sentinel, for they love better to speak than listen to the stuff called singing.

And when every body had left the theatre, and many bad things had been said of that which they termed an opera, I drew my tablets from my pocket and said to the voice:

'Speak, that I may write thy will, and that I may announce it to the people whom thou callest light and fanciful, although their songs are

heavy and stupid ; and whom thou callest gay and lively, although their opera is sad and dreary.'

And the voice which had spoken to me became powerful, vehement, and pathetic ; and I wrote :

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

HERE THE REVELATION BEGINS!

'O WALLS, which I have raised with my hand as a monument of my glory ! O walls, formerly inhabited by a people whom I called mine, since I had elected them from the beginning to make them the first nation in Europe, and to bear their glory and renown beyond the limits which I have laid down to the universe :

'O city ! thou that callest thyself great because thou art large, and glorious because I have covered thee with my wings ! listen to me, for I am about to speak.

'O frivolous and trifling race ! O people inclined to defects, delivered to the madness of thy pride and vanity !

'Draw nigh, that I may square accounts with thee — I, that can, if I will, count thee as nothing ; draw nigh, that I may confound thee in thine own eyes, that I may write thy contemptible folly upon thine arrogant forehead in every European language.'

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

THE TRANSMIGRATION.

'THOU didst stick in the mire of ignorance and barbarism ; thou didst fumble round in the darkness of superstition and stupidity ; thy philosophers wanted sense, and thy professors were idiots. In thy schools they spoke a barbarous jargon, and Gothic mysteries were played in thy theatres.

'And I pitied thee from my heart, and I said to myself : 'This is an agreeable race ; I love its fanciful spirit and gentle manners, and will make it my people, because I choose to do so ; and it shall be the first, neither shall there be another nation so nice as it.

'And its neighbors shall see its glory, and shall not be able to approach it. And it will amuse me when I shall have formed it according to my will, for it is naturally pleasant and agreeable, and I love to be amused.'

'So I drew forth thy fathers from the abyss where they were, and I dissipated the darkness which covered thee, and I bade the day draw near to enlighten thee ; and I have placed in thy bosom the torch of science, literature, and art.

'And I opened the gates of thine understanding, that thou mightest comprehend that which was hidden ; and I formed and filed thy soul, and gifted thee with all gifts, and gave thee taste, and sentiment, and finesse for thy inheritance.

'And when I might have enlightened with my torch the Briton, and the Spaniard, and the German, and the native of the North, (since nothing is impossible to me,) I nevertheless did not do it.

'And when I might have left the arts and letters in their own country, where I had caused them to be revived, I nevertheless did not so :

'For I said unto them, Arise, and go forth out of Italy unto the people whom I have chosen in the abundance of my kindness, and into the country where I shall in future dwell, and to whom in my mercy I have said, 'Thou shalt be the land of all talent.'

'And I have given thee all the crowd of philosophers, from Descartes and the philosophers of the Encyclopædia down to him to whom I have said, 'Create Natural History!'

'And the numberless multitude of poets, wits, and artists.

'And I assembled them all into an age, and they call it the Age of Louis the Fourteenth, even to this day, in remembrance of all the great men whom I have given thee, from Molière and Corneille, who are called Great, to Fare and Chaulieu, who are called Neglected.

'And although the age be passed, I pretended not to perceive it, and have perpetuated in thy midst a race of great men and extraordinary talents.

'And I have given thee poets, and wits, and painters, and sculptors of great ability, and numberless artists, and men excelling in every thing, from the great even unto the small.

'And I have given thee celebrated philosophers, and opened their eyes that they might see that which thou couldst not see; and they saw well, for they explained those things which were not clear, even unto themselves.

'And I have created a man expressly for thee, in whom I have assembled all talents and all gifts, for he was endowed as man had never been before.

'And I created yet another man of profound understanding and sublime conception; and said to him, 'See;' and he saw; and I inspired him, and gave him the Spirit of Laws, (*Esprit des Lois*,) and he gave them to thee, and made thee see that which thou wouldst never have seen in the littleness of thy sight and the weakness of thine eye.

'And his glory is remembered by thy neighbors even unto this day.'

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

L E S O U F F L E T .

'But since my benefits have caused in thee defection and disobedience; since they have made thee proud, and thy vanity and presumption have risen to their height;

'And since thou hast abandoned common sense and sound judgment; and since thou hast cast thyself into frivolity and into the dissipation of thy ideas, which are void of sense;

'And since thou dost every day decide about things on which thou hast never reflected;

'Although in my mercy I have hitherto laughed at thy insolence, and have seen thy impertinences with the eye of patience;

'And I have hidden thy shame and thy decay from thy neighbors, and have inspired them with respect and admiration for thee — as if, forsooth, thou hadst not lost all taste for the great and the beautiful;

'And have hindered them from seeing thee rampant in the littleness of thy ideas;

'Yet mind what I say : I will revenge myself of thy strange blindness, and thy measure shall be full.

'And I will harden thine ear until it shall be like unto the horn of the buffalo ; and in thy quarrels thou shalt be like the wild ass of the desert.

'And the Italian Farce shall inspire the spirit of thy politics, thine art, and thy literature. Thou shalt witness Robert Macaire hundreds of nights in succession, and the worse things become the more delight wilt thou find therein, for thou wilt be stupid.

'And indecency and blackguardism will not choke thee, and manners will be openly outraged in thee, (for thou wilt have none,) and thou wilt not know good from evil.

'Philosophers shall no longer enlighten thee, and thou shalt be in all good things generally speaking below par.

'And no respectable man will dwell in thee, for I will desert thee.'

And the voice was silent, and I, Gabriel Johannes Nepomucenus Franciscus de Paula Waldstorch, called Waldstörchel, Philosoph. et Theolog. Moral. in Coll. Mai. RR, PP, Soc. Jes. Studios, native of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia—I wept over the lot of this people, for I have naturally a tender heart.

And I would fain have interceded for them, because I am good and was tired of writing, for I had written a long time.

And I was wrong, for the voice was angry, and I received a box on the ear, and my head bumped against the pillar of the corner, which is, for aught I know, called the queen's corner even unto this day.

And I awoke turning a summerset, and found myself in my garret, which I call my chamber, and found my three minuets, of which the second is in minor.

And I took my violin, and I played them, and they pleased me ; and I played them again, and they pleased me more ; and I said : 'Let me be quick with the rest, for two dozen are necessary !' But I no longer felt in me the force of genius, for the thing which they called an opera with its damnable humming and scraping kept running in my head ; and I made many notes, but no minuets ; and I cried in the bitterness of my heart : '*Oh that I had finished the two dozen before the vision !*'

A MEMORY OF SEPTEMBER.

ONE night in the month of September,
When leaves were beginning to sere,
And skies seemed to dimly remember
The Summer that lay on its bier :

Came ONE who all day had been hovering
Our dwelling of sorrowing near,
MARIETTE with his wings of white covering,
As Autumn the leaves of the year.

For days through that sighing September
We'd watched for the PRESENCE that stood
In our midst, and knew he'd be tender
In bearing our darling to God :

Yet our spirits, when hers had been given,
Bent writhingly under the rod ;
MARIETTE's sinless soul was in heaven,
His beautiful shrine in the sod !

Now, thrice has the month of September
Sent Summer beside *her* to sleep,
And thrice has the sighing November
Bewailed that her rest was so deep :

Thrice the bird trilled for her its last warble,
And I with September will weep ;
'MARIETTE' on the slab of white marble,
MARIETTE in the grave at my feet !

J. ST. L. E. H.

Y O U T H A N D N A T U R E .

BY JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

THERE's a light gone out of the sunshine,
A glory from the day;
The stars are dimmer to my sight;
The moon that hushed the holy night,
And filled my soul with calm delight,
Hath lost its ancient ray.

The brook, with its veined pebble
And its painted muscle-shell;
The delicate mosses on the brink;
The crystals within the rocky chink;
The feathery ferns that stooped to drink;
All sights that I loved so well:

With the breath of the apple-blossoms,
And the scent of the new-mown hay
Which the starry buttercups illumine;
The violet's far-diffused perfume,
And the glory of the rose's bloom,
Have passed from my life away.

And the voices of the spring-time
Carol no more to me;
Nor, singing on its stony bed,
The stream, by hidden fountains fed,
Answers the robin overhead
With the old melody.

The lowing of the cattle
As they sought the fields at dawn,
The hen with her dear domestic note,
The cooing from the pigeon's cote,
And chanticleer, that strained his throat
To wake the tardy morn:

All these have forgot the music
They sang in mine ear of yore;
The colors fade in life's garish light,
The early bloom hath changed to blight,
And the beauteous shows of earth invite
My heart to joy no more.

For Youth, that painted their colors,
And tuned their songs for me,
No longer peoples the earth and air
With its forms and sights divinely fair,
But hath left my lonely heart to share
Naught but their memory.

And yet, as over my spirit
Their freshening memory breathes,
Fragrant with odors from wild-wood bowers,
And thrilling with music of by-gone hours,
Sweet garlands of dewy youthful flowers
Around my brow it wreathes.

And again, in the genial spring-time,
I feel the youthful glow ;
Again heaven's sparkling eyes grow bright
With something of their ancient light,
And I hear again, with dear delight,
Bird's song and streamlet's flow.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

NUMBER THREE.

SPRING! What a host of old companions and half-forgotten days of pleasure arise like a shadowy picture in the twilight of memory, at the simple mention of the season of early hopes! Spring, sweet Spring! Though poets and poetasters have sung themselves hoarse in eulogizing her 'smiles and tears,' and it has become a hackneyed evil with prose-writers, good, bad, and indifferent, to apostrophize the beauties of Spring, still the season has lost none of its charms; and where can it be more delightful, more capricious, than in the west?—showing a glimpse of her sweet face in March, all warm, sunny smiles; and just as we are deluded into the belief that the pleasant aspect will remain, the inconstant beauty withdraws her bright countenance, or it suddenly becomes white and chilling as she folds herself in a snowy robe. Or over that young face (as over thousands of human faces as fair and warm!) pour showers of cold, bitter tears, washing all traces of smiling beauty away. But toward the close of April we may feel certain our lady intends to remain with us until summer; for she puts on her bright-green dress and blue bonnet, with the determination of not taking them off till she goes off herself.

When the prairie-chickens begin to *drum*, and the dove makes the wood echo with its plaintive cooing, the western man awakens up from the sluggish existence of winter to the activity of spring-life. No time for idling now. The bustle is constant until the ploughing is over and the crops are in. The farmer knows no holidays, or should know none; for the pigs, who seem to be endowed with perpetual motion, must be shut up at every leisure moment, (for they are continually escaping from their confinement,) and the river-banks are ornamented and enlivened by summer residences of irregular architecture, and the squealing of the prisoners. For, although the 'pig-law' is not respected in winter, it must

be in summer, much to the wrath of some persons. It especially excites the ire of Peggy O'Connor, who exclaims indignantly, 'Hang ould Gineral Taylor with his English laws, makin' us shut up our hogs!' While an equally sage neighbor agrees with her, saying, 'And I jest think so too. If we *are* to have English laws, why, let us be Englishmen!'

Poor General Taylor! his memory suffers with our country politicians.

In the early times here, when farms and farmers were not so plentiful, and scores of green-horn adventurers lived on very 'short commons,' or paid dearly for bread, many a laughable story might be told of their endeavors to procure enough to eat. They had shot-guns, and rifles, and fishing-rods, it is true; but in those primitive ages of civilization they were wretched sportsmen. They suffered especially in spring, when game is shy, and the water rather cold for the fish to bite. One romantic individual, who lived in a house where a number of adventurous youths kept bachelor's hall on short rations, used to sally forth to the banks of the river, fishing-rod in hand, and a volume of Shakspeare in one pocket and cold potatoes in the other. He sought the sunny side of a rock, and committing his line to the waters, committed himself to Shakspeare and the cold potatoes alternately. Poor fellow! he used to return not only without the potatoes, but the fish also. One day he stumbled upon a thin, gawky fellow, sitting by the edge of the river, and exhibiting signs of great confusion on the approach of our sentimental fisher. On the shore, by the side of the man, lay a fresh shell of a large turtle, or terrapin.

'Where did this come from, Joe?' said the fisher eagerly, pointing toward the shell.

'I caught it here,' answered Joe, sullenly.

'But what did you do with it? Here's nothing but the shell.'

'Well!' exclaimed Joe, worked up to a fit of desperation by the eager querist, and with a look of intense disgust at his own hardihood: 'Well, don't say any thin' about it, but I jist eat the darned critter!' He evidently thought he had committed an act horrible enough to put him beyond the pale of society. He was soon made wiser by the loud lamentations of our friend because he had not come in for a share of the repast.

Their occasional suffering from want of sufficient food, till they became better shots, was not the only annoyance of our early adventurers in the spring. That chilly plague, fever-and-ague, preyed on all newcomers, however strong their frames might be. One unfortunate son of Erin, who was shaking from day to day, was induced to exclaim in his anguish:

'Oh! Mister William! if I was once't back in ould Ireland out o' this! Sure in the part I came from, if I had only staid there, I might a' been a *nun* for six pounds!'

Although it is not apropos, I trust my reader will forgive me if I relate an anecdote that occurs to my mind of poor Dan. He was a great believer in supernatural appearances; and his young master was one time trying to convince him of the folly of his superstition.

'Why, Dan,' said he, 'did you ever see a ghost?'

'No, Sir, but I heard one once't.'

'Heard one! and what sort of a noise did it make?'

'Faix! it sounded just like an impty barrel rollin' up an' down stairs! An' sure, Sir, there was another one I heard of. Her name was 'Pitticoat Loose;' an' the way she wint on! She used to walk in McClusky's lane whin the boys'd be comin' home from the fair at nights. An' the way she'd bate thim, an' roll thim in the mud an' ag'inst the stone wall! Sure, Mister William, I seed the boys mesilf whin they'd come home, how they couldn't spake or stan', the way she'd trated thim!'

Master William gave up in despair after this.

The bilious fever used to be regarded as the next great, perhaps greatest, evil of the west, when the doctors of the country were not so well acquainted with the proper mode of treating the disease. Now it is prevented, or subdued, without much trouble, and is not considered a very serious illness, although it generally leaves the sufferer in a state of extreme weakness. But in the days gone by, it hung on the unfortunate victim for months, not only in August and September, when it usually comes and goes, but in winter also it preyed on the wretched sufferer. The young men before mentioned as keeping bachelor's hall suffered extremely from attacks of bilious fever, and cold winter found some of them still struggling under the burning plague. At times, in the height of the fever, they were delirious, and acquired a false strength while it lasted; during which time some of them would rise from their beds, and, with only a blanket around them, rush out into the snow. The few who had their health were obliged to keep a strict watch to prevent these mischievous excursions if possible.

But one day the person who was left in charge of the patients went from the house for a few minutes, and on his return found two of his worst charges had disappeared. He ran after them in alarm, tracing their foot-prints in the snow. After running for half a mile he saw one of the parties, in rather an airy habiliment, carrying a gun on his shoulder, and talking wildly.

'Where are you going, G——?' inquired his pursuer, who had caught up to him. 'What are you going to do?'

G—— gesticulated fiercely, and exclaimed loudly:

'I'm going to shoot W——! I saw him run from the house; but I've lost him, the coward! I'm going sporting! I'm the infernal huntsman, Sir!'

And he made some rather singular entrechats in the snow, which, in his brief garment, were not very graceful, blue as he was with cold and bony from illness.

'Well, G——, W—— has gone home, and you'll find him there,' said the other, persuasively; and turning the crazy fellow homeward he induced him to go on in that direction while he sought for W——.

As he neared the bank of the river, he was attracted by a strange sound of wild talking and unmeaning laughter, and on gaining the shore saw W—— on the ice in the middle of the river, sitting on the edge of an air-hole, with a blanket wrapped about him, and his feet dangling in the water.

'My God! what are you doing there, W——?' said he, in great horror.

'I am fishing, don't you see?' replied W——. 'Hush! don't make any noise. But I believe the water is too cold for the fish to bite!'

It was with the utmost difficulty this singular fisherman was induced to return to the house, which the other sportsman had fortunately regained.

Before closing this number of the sketches, I cannot forbear relating a story I lately heard of one of our neighbors. He lives on the prairie near Peggy O'Connor, and is a countryman of that true daughter of Erin.

He was driving home one night from the village, and, like the two unfortunates I have been writing of, was under, or in, a species of delirium; more like delirium-tremens, however, than the delirium of bilious fever. In fact, John O'Kane, for such is his name, was *more* than 'half-seas over.'

He was on the road homeward, for the horses knew the way. So did n't the master know his, in the confusion of his brain; he was not even sure of his identity, like the little woman 'who went to market her eggs for to sell.' The first house he came to, within a short distance of his own, the bewildered man stopped his horses, and, staggering to the door, summoned the master, a person John knew well.

'Do you know where one John O'Kane lives?' said the drunken man.

'No,' said the other, gravely, 'I don't!'

'Och, now, Mr. L——, what's the use of you sayin' that? Have n't I seen you there many a time?' exclaimed John indignantly, but still confused as to his own identity. He was at last directed on his way, but soon forgot the direction, and still went on inquiring where he lived at the various houses on the road; until, falling asleep in the bottom of the wagon, leaving the horses to their own guidance, they took him opposite his own door, where he lay until morning, totally unconscious of *where* John O'Kane lived.

L. M.

SONG.

BY J. WESLEY DUTCHER.

'Tis eve, and the stars in the heavens are beaming,
And the moon shineth down on the great restless sea;
But I heed not their beauty, for my fond heart is dreaming
Of my true-love, who sleepeth and dreameth of me.

Oh! her brow is as bright as the new-risen crescent,
And her lips shame the rubies far down in the sea;
And her heart up and down like the waves of the ocean
Heaves the bosom which hideth the casket for me!

Yet sweeter and dearer than the gems of the ocean,
And deeper and stronger than the waves of the sea,
Is the heart of my true-love who dreameth and sleepeth,
Who sleepeth and dreameth for ever of me!

Bath House, (L. I.) July 22d, 1852.

L O N G I N G S .

I long for some intenser life,
 Some wilder joy, some sterner strife!
 Like a slow stream whose windings pass
 Through level mead and dull morass,
 In one unvaried, sluggish tide,
 The current of my life doth glide,
 With no fierce grief, no ecstasy,
 To break its drear monotony.

A dimness, as of sad eclipse,
 Darkens above my soul, and dips
 My being in its sombre gloom,
 Which naught is potent to illumine;
 And while Life's morning yet remains,
 While youth should burn along my veins,
 My blood seems waxing thin and cold,
 As I were prematurely old.

Once more, beneath the advancing sun,
 The Earth her summer pomp puts on;
 Once more, beneath the summer moons,
 The whip-poor-will her song attunes;
 Once more the elements are rife
 With countless forms of insect life,
 And Nature's endless music thrills
 The echoes of the encircling hills.
 But all too feeble is the ray
 That glances on our northern day;
 And Life, beneath its faint impress,
 Grows sordid, cold, and passionless.
 I long to meet those ardent climes
 Where the sun's burning heat sublimates
 All forms of being, and imparts
 Its fervor even to human hearts;
 To see, up-towering, grand and calm,
 The king of trees, the lordly Palm,
 And when night darkens through the skies,
 Watch unknown constellations rise.
 The floral pomps, the fruits of gold,
 The sunny heavens I would behold,
 Where Nature wears her fairest dress,
 Her most surpassing loveliness.

Or if it be my lot to bear
 This pulseless life, this blank despair,
 Waft me, ye winds, unto those isles
 Round which the far Pacific smiles;
 Where through the sun-bright atmosphere
 Their purple peaks the mountains rear;
 Where Earth is garmented in light,
 And with unfading Spring is bright.
 Then, if my life must be a dream,
 Without a plan, without a scheme,
 From Action's storm and tumult free,
 A dream of beauty it shall be.

August, 1852.

HORACE RUBLEE.

B L O O M E R I S M : A N E S S A Y .

BY THOMAS W. LANE.

THE spirit of the present age has been pronounced by a late eminent divine to be 'resistance to law.' A better definition could hardly have been given of that wild and strange enthusiasm which the records of the day are ever setting before us. The ages of bronze, of gold, and of brass, have all had their day, and now comes the 'age of resistance,' or, as some philosophers who delight in capital letters and exclamation points tell us, the 'Age of Progress!' The struggles for liberty in Cuba, Hungary, Ireland; the recent turbulent political sea of our own land; the kaleidoscopic shifting of affairs in France, now pallid with fear, now red with blood; the passion for the marvellous, and all manner of *diablerie* in literature; the rage for spectacle and pageant in the worlds theatric and operatic; and the ever-varying but insatiate demand for the *outré* in dress, fashion, and etiquette; are all incontestible proofs of the impatience of men under the restraints of law, order, and correct taste: precursors are they of the coming change, warning heralds and specks in the horizon, indicative of the storm which is ere long to sweep the earth, and to leave it better, we would like to say, but worse (*pro tempore*) we must in candor write.

Among these indications of the New Dawn, we place the late unprecedented rise in the female skirt; an event which has elicited universal comment from the press, but generally in a tone of inappropriate levity. Bloomerism has too often been the taking title of a pretty paragraph, in which the pen of the inditer, content to sparkle and to shine, and satisfied with a brilliant 'skimming over' of its theme, has sunk from the dignity of sober reasoning into a piquant trifling and an elegant *insouciance*. *La belle plume*, the rightful insignia of undaunted courage, has shirked and skulked around the subject. Most of the paragraphs, too, that have glistened before us, have sparkled tremulously: they have evidently been written in the fear of wife or sweet-heart, and for cautious wording and non-committalism, (a very popular 'ism' in this progressive age,) have rivalled the best 'leaders' in the country. Now, the fear of woman is a sensation to which we in the crustiness of bachelorhood are strangers, and we therefore 'have no hesitation in saying, and we say it boldly,' that we consider Bloomerism as the most dangerous of modern 'isms;' to our mind, it is a more decided stride toward our manifest destiny, and a more alarming indication of the progress of the age, than the Paine Light, the Rochester Knockings, or the Crystal Palace itself. We say alarming, not from any timidity inherent or transient in our own bosom, for we are bold as a lion; not from any consanguinity to, or sympathy with, the Rip Van Winkles of this or a past age, for we are the friends of progress, and when it comes in our way are not averse to giving a friendly kick to the great ball of onward improvement: our opposition is to the speed at which we are about to be driven. We were

going fast enough; and this instantaneous curtailment of skirt, this falling over us at one fell swoop of half the drapery of woman, has come upon us like a *douche* in hydropathy, or a saponaceous cascade from a third-story window! Well may it 'give us pause!' and as we gaze out from the smothering pile of rejected muslin and forsaken silk, we can but exclaim with good Mrs. Partington: 'What upon airth is goin' to turn up next?'

Had this sacred veil, so long the chosen tabernacle of the well-turned ankle and the lithe and graceful limb, gone up a little by degrees and modestly slow; nay, had the outer veil alone of the *sanctum sanctorum* been seized with an upward tendency, thereby displaying to public view only those elaborate and nameless embroideries which have been like desert-roses unseen by the eye of man, save when they tripped daintily across a stream, or were dexterously filipped over a puddle, we might restrain our indignation and repress our frowns: but, alas! the outer veil and the 'eleven inner veils'* are all aspiring! all ascending! They have gone up smoothly and lightning-like as the drop-curtain at the Park, and now we await, with fear and trembling, the 'Excelsior!' the yet higher in ascent and the shorter in skirt, till at last woman, lovely woman, shorn of her glorious plumage, the silk, the satin, and the challé, fobbed of frill, furbelow, and flounce, shall stand confessed! perfection pantalooned! stiff as a lightning-rod, and awkward as little Johnny Sprouts in his first go-to-meeting swallow-tail!

But in all seriousness, what is to be the issue of this struggle now witnessing by heaven between mantua-makers and modesty? Shall the harems of the East set the fashion for the *boudoirs* of the West? Shall the parlors, the grottoes, the gardens of America, be turned by Seneca Falls into (Lalla) Rook(h)eries? Have we quit Paris, dear, delightful Paris! for the Sublime Porte, and her mantua-makers for the Blue Beards of Constantinople? Verily, we know not! 'That is the question,' and 'tis yet to be solved. We know little, but we fear much! First it is ordained, 'that none but the most graceful females can hope to assume the Bloomer.' Oh! cunningly-devised ordinance! What maiden, we would like to know, is lacking in grace of carriage, or symmetry of form? How long will it be ere a legion of Bloomers will throng the pave, whose only claims to be models of grace consist in a short skirt and trowsers! Next it is laid down, 'that no large foot must ever be caught à la Bloomer!' How many substantial understandings will not now grow 'small by degrees and beautifully less' under the magic frill of the Bloomer? Truly this Bloomerism is a wedge, an entering wedge, which must ere long split and shrive the peace of mankind. The Bloomers once triumphant, and no prophetic ken will be required to read their future tactics. First we shall have the Bloomer simple, a tolerably decent thing for a Bloomer, and prettily trimmed, and daintily embroidered, and *naively* worn. Then will come the 'Bloomer Cerito,' and the 'Bloomer Taglioni,' and the 'Bloomer Lansfeldt!' And when Bloomers have lost the fresh bloom of novelty, and

* 'Beside the curtains of blue, of scarlet, and of purple, which veiled the tabernacle, were also eleven curtains of goats' hair, coupled with taches of brass.'

woman sighs for variety, still variety, (curse and spice of life!) men will then learn that the Bloomer has but paused! The trowsers will become a worry and a bungle; awkward, uncouth, and clumsy. They will be found too stiff, they will be limbered; too tight at the bottom, they will be loosened; too Turkish, and, in short, too little like breeches; till some day pantalette will become pantaloons, cassimere will supersede cambric, and woman will be fairly ensconced in the bifurcate. Once there, where, O man! is thy power? Do you not now see that the Bloomer is nothing but an insidious coat and 'pants' in disguise? How long, we pray, will it take a good pair of shears to make a frock-coat of this little skirt? 'Tis but to cut a triangle in front, put on a couple of buttons behind, and the thing is done. Your castor woman hath; your boots, your collar, your cravat, your vest, under the *alias* of the *gilet*, she hath assumed; and ere many days, we sadly fear she will at last have unsexed herself! and then — what then? Then upon the sign-boards shall we read, 'Mrs. John Smith, draperess (?) and tailoress!' Then shall sheriffs and constables have a good time of it, catching female dandies, for tailors' bills never will be paid. Then shall the bifurcate cease to be the insignia of power, and men shall become impotent to hold their own! Then shall the side-saddle be hoarded up by the then Mr. Barnums, as a relic of a past day and a by-gone age; and then, O fair and sweetly-smelling exquisites! ye who delight in the white kid, the morocco pump, the silk stocking! where will *you* go? What will ye do, with your languid airs, your drawling speech, your sickly flatteries, now poured in modulate tones into the ear of beauty? Where will ye get the high and gallant bearing, the brave deed, the strong arm, the flashing eye, the undaunted heart, which shall in that day mark THE MAN? Not, poor butterflies, from your valet, who gave you your manners; not from your tailor, who gave you your respectability; not from your barber, who gave you your moustache; nor from your gold, which gave you society's tolerance! We know of no city of refuge to which ye may fly; not even a petticoat will there be to protect you. Go, poor ephemera! and be Bloomerized in time!

But again, we ask, will the Bloomer triumph? Shall the maidens of America, now our pride, our boast, our treasures, shall they subside into a nation of short-skirted sylphs, mere ballet-dancers, who, as hath wittily been said, 'wear their skirts at half-mast in respect to departed modesty?' No! says Mrs. Swisshelm, who hath cogitated the theory, tried and eschewed the practice. No! says Mrs. Partington; 'I'm not agoin' to be Bloomerized in the evenin'-tide of my ephemereal existence!' No! saith a sweet angel who standeth at our side, whose depending curls oft check our pen, (giving us time for thought,) as she looketh over our shoulder: No! no! and as she saith, she gazeth modestly down upon the white and flowing robe which for centuries hath formed woman's best adornment. No! say we, while we have a pen to write, and one spark of respect for the good, the gentle, and the fair; and No! a thousand times No! we hope every pretty mouth in our land will echo.

O Woman! Woman! thy name is frailty: wilt thou make it folly? Dost thou know that the patter of thy slippered foot hath a sweeter music than the fall of rain-drop in the hot summer-time, or the gentle

descent of the white blooms of Catalpa, or the honeyed dews of forgiveness upon an arid heart; and wilt thou still sigh for the thunder of a boot-heel? Dost know that the sweep of thy skirt hath in it more grace than the bound of antelope; and wouldst thou for ever silence the rustle of thy silk? Dost know that one glimpse of a pretty excrescence (is not an ankle an excrescence?) is worth two dead-sets at an ungainly pedal; and art sure thy foot will just fill the eye of a nodding mandarin? Dost know that after novelty cometh monotony? That when thy arts have robbed man of his attire, thy admirer, who now waits at the street-corner and in the market-place for one glimpse of thy loveliness, will not then know thy form and thy frock-coat from thy brother's form, thy brother's frock-coat; and wouldst thou pass him unheeded, unrecognized, and untipped-to from Genin's latest and best? Dost thou know that the graceful fabric which now envelopes thy queenly head, and curls round thy face more sweetly than 'shell of Aphrodite,' is beauteous beyond expression, and sitteth upon thee with more grace than ever did summer-cloud upon the 'misty mountain-top;' and wouldst thou change it for a flapping circle of straw?

Nay, dost thou know that all female symmetry, from Paradisal Eve to the Venus de Medicis, is knock-kneed, (shades of our grandmothers! who were modest, but not mealy-mouthed, protect us in our candor!) and wouldst thou appear in the thoroughfares of men perched upon an animated and inverted V?

We have said our 'say.' Take thy own sweet will, O woman! But if thy skirt will 'go up,' let our voice of earnest protest go up with it: and when thou shalt (as thou wilt one day) sigh for the 'vanished glories that now make thee adorable, invincible, unanswerable; when thou shalt sigh for just a bit of skirt, as a memento of past happiness, remember him who did his best to keep it down, and clung like a second Sinbad to the hem of thy garment.

Savannah, (Ga.) 1852.

L I F E I N D E A T H .

BY F. O. B. E.

I.

Two lovers by a shining stream
Were wandering in a tender dream:
One stooped a primrose cup to pull,
And found beneath a withered skull.

II.

Then sat they down upon the bank,
Where flowers blossomed wild and rank,
And twining garlands in their play,
They wreathed them round that shell of clay.

III.

But when they'd masked it o'er with flowers,
And rained upon it primrose showers,
A white snake darted from its root,
And bit the maiden in the foot.

IV.

Amid the scented grass she lay,
Fast dying with the dying day:
The white skull lay upon the bank,
And grinned between the blossoms rank.

V.

Then rose the youth with heart of grief,
He stripped it of each shining leaf,
And bound the buds and blossoms rare
Amid the maiden's golden hair.

VI.

And there they died beneath the sky:
The dusky stream went wailing by;
The white skull lay amid the dew,
And grinned upon the loving Two!

J A - D A - Q U A . . *

BY W. H. C. HOMER.

Famous in the days of yore,
 Bright Ja-da-qua! was thy shore,
 And the stranger treasures yet
 Pebbles that thy waves have wet;
 For they catch an added glow
 From a tale of long ago,
 Ere the settler's flashing steel
 Rang the green-wood's funeral peal,
 Or the plough-share in the vale
 Blotted out the red man's trail.

Deadly was the plant that grew
 Near thy sheet of glimmering blue,
 But the mystic leaves were known
 To our wandering tribe alone.
 Sweeter far than honeyed fruit
 Of the wild-plum was its root;
 But the smallest morsel cursed
 Those who tasted with a thirst
 That impelled them to leap down
 In thy cooling depths, and drown.

On thy banks, in other hours,
 Sat O-wa-na wreathing flowers,
 And with whortle-berries sweet
 Filled were baskets at her feet.
 Nature to a form of grace
 Had allied a faultless face;
 But the music of her tread
 Made the prophet shake his head,
 For the mark of early doom
 He had seen through beauty's bloom.

When a fragrant wreath was made
 Round her brow, she clasped the braid;
 Then her roving eye, alas!
 Flowering in the summer grass,
 Did the fatal plant behold,
 And she plucked it from the mould:
 Of the honeyed root she ate,
 And her peril learned too late,
 Flying fast her thirst to slake
 From thy wave, enchanting Lake!

* THESE lines allude to a beautiful Seneca tradition that lends an added charm to Chau-tau-que Lake, in the State of New-York. A young squaw is said to have eaten of a root she dug on its banks, which created tormenting thirst: to slake it she stooped down to drink of the clear waters, and disappeared for ever. Thence the name of the Lake: Ja-da-qua, or the place of easy death, where one disappears and is seen no more.

The renowned CORN-PLANTER, in a speech to the PRESIDENT, complaining of his people's wrongs, eloquently exclaims: 'One of our sachems has said he would ask you to put him out of pain. Another, who will not think of dying by the hand of his Father, has said he will retire to Chau-tau-que, eat of the fatal root, and sleep with his fathers in peace.'

TURNER'S PIONEER HISTORY.

When was gained the treacherous brink,
 Stooped O-WA-NA down to drink;
 Then the waters, calm before,
 Waking, burst upon the shore,
 And the maid was seen no more.
 Azure Glass! in emerald framed,
 Since that hour Ja-da-qua named,
 Or 'the place of easy death,'
 When I pant with failing breath
 I will eat the root that grows
 On thy banks, and find repose,
 With the loveliest of our daughters,
 In thy blue, engulfing waters.

H I L D E G A R D .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

'Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
 Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
 Und dass hat mit ihren Singen
 Die Lorelei gethan.'

HEINE.

I.

'HUNDRED thousand thunders!' cried the Baron von Katzenellenbogen, striking the table in a rage.

'Calm yourself, my good lord,' said Dietrich Klautz, his squire.

'A minx like that! I shall burst with rage! Get me a flagon of Marcobrunner;' and the Baron threw himself into a huge arm-chair, and leaned his head on his hand and his elbow on the table.

II.

KATZENELLENBOGEN, as you all know, is now but a ruin; but in *those* days it was a mighty fortress, a castle of the most Gothic nature comprehensible by the human mind. Huge battlemented towers, stalwart as mountains; grim dungeons, damp and unlighted save by a twilight that struggled through the grated wickets of the doors; a mighty hall, hung with trophies of war and of the chase; loop-holes in the massive walls for arbalast bolts to rain from; quaint lancet-windows, interlaced roof-beams, portcullises, moats, and other matters orthodox and suitable under the circumstances.

There it frowned from the hill-top across the Rhine at Saint Goar, and the wild river roared along below, its powerful tide dragging spoils from the shore into its dim waters.

Below was the holy shrine of Bornhofen, built to our Lady by Broemser von Rudesheim, who slew a dragon, went to Palestine, and being taken by the Saracen, vowed to dedicate his only child to God, should he recover his liberty. But she, poor girl, had given her heart away to

human keeping : and when her father came home and would have compelled her to take the veil, she threw herself into the swift Rhine, and was swept away, with her golden hair floating on the waters, and her pale face turned toward the sky, while the suicide soul went up and stood in His presence who had made it.

Higher up the river, you saw stern Castle Rheinfels, also the Baron's property ; and where the vexed waters flowed most furiously and writhed themselves into a whirlpool, was the rock where the Lorelei was wont to sit, combing her golden hair, or sweeping with white fingers the ravishing chords of a lute, and mingling the enchantment of her weird, sweet song with the ringing harmony of the strings. And when the boatman saw and heard, he would forget the wrathful maelstrom, and, with his eyes and heart fixed on the Undine, would be drawn into the vortex, whirled round and round, and swallowed by the fearful gulf, having for his death-dirge but the weird, sweet song of the Lorelei, and the ringing harmony of the golden strings.

That was the position of Castle Katzenellenbogen.

III.

THE Baron of Katzenellenbogen was a large man : six feet of muscle and bone was he, with a true German foot, broad as a barge and flat as a flounder, and a brawny hand that could have broken the horn from the head of an ox. The Baron inclined to corpulence, and to violence, and to Marcobrunner, and to Rudesheimer, and to Liebfraumilch ; in short, to any thing that was potable except water. Therefore the Baron's nose was red, bulbous, and pulpy in its general look, with small, dark veins meandering under the tight skin, like the tracery of a mulberry leaf.

He had had an unpleasant day of it. In the first place, he learned that a party of rich merchants had slipped by his very door while the sentinel was dozing. He said, 'Himmel !' and had the sentinel hanged as an encouragement to the rest of the garrison.

Then a party who had been sent out to forage were met by Otho Von Schoenberg and nearly cut to pieces. The Baron said, '*Donnerwetter !*' and broke the messenger's head with a flagon.

Not yet recovered from this, he received news that he was about to be placed under the imperial ban for plundering some servants of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne ; and this made him say, '*Hagel sapperment !*'

Finally, his squire brought him a letter in which Hildegard von Salis utterly and decidedly refused and abominated his proffered hand and heart, and expressed herself to the effect that 'she would rather die first.' This it was that capped the climax, and produced from the Baron those memorable words found at the opening of this narrative : 'Hundred thousand thunders !'

IV.

THE Marcobrunner quenched his thirst without allaying his wrath ; and driving his squire from his presence, he strode furiously up and down the room, meditating condigna vengeance upon every body in general and Hildegard in particular.

'I'll teach her,' he said, 'to refuse to be the wife of Katzenellenbogen! I'll send a few troopers who shall sack her castle and bring her here by force—I will!'

'So I would, Baron,' said a voice beside him. The Baron turned to look at the speaker. He was a small man, dressed in black like a notary; his face was pale, his features of the most ordinary-looking description. The only thing remarkable about him was a long tail like a monkey's, which kept switching backward and forward and wreathing itself into all sorts of graceful curls. And the end of this tail was a whistle!

'Who der Teufel are you?' asked the Baron.

'So I would teach her better—if *I could!*' was the unresponsive reply.

'If I could, little fool! I will send twenty-five troopers to-morrow to take possession of her house and of her.'

'But unfortunately Graf Max von Steinrad is guarding her with fifty.'

'I will claim her from the Emperor, as a ward of my estates.'

'Yes, if the ban does not reach you beforehand for robbing His Grace of Cologne.'

'I will invite her here on her birth-day, which is next week, and when I get her I will keep her.'

'Having just refused your hand, I don't think she will come.'

'But I *will* get hold of her in some way!' roared the Baron.

The little man sneered.

Then his lordship became wroth, and, striding toward the stranger, he raised his ponderous jack-boot and gave a furious kick, crying, 'Get out!' But, to his utter surprise, his foot met with no resistance, but passing through the figure without in the least disturbing it, the leg flew up in the air, and the Baron of Katzenellenbogen fell upon his back. At the same moment the stranger placed the end of his long tail in his mouth and produced such a whistle that it made the Baron's brain reel and grow dizzy. It was like the united screaming of seventy-five frantic locomotives.

'Get up!' said the stranger; and the Baron obeyed. 'I think you missed a rich troop of merchants this morning?'

'I did, curse them!'

'And had a nice party of men cut to pieces?'

'Yes.'

'And were refused with little show of tenderness by the Lady Von Salis?'

'Kreutz-downerwetter! it is true.'

'You appear to be in ill luck, Baron von Katzenellenbogen. There, don't lose your temper, or I shall be obliged to whistle again.' And the stranger took hold of his tail. Then, with a persuasive and insinuating smile, he continued: 'My dear friend, I am come to do you service, not to vex you. Would you like to be indemnified for your unmerited loss on those miserable merchants?'

The Baron's eyes glistened with avarice.

'Would you like to avenge yourself on Von Schoenberg?'

'Would n't I?' said his lordship.

'Would you like to catch the pretty Hildegard to-night? If so, I can help you to all this.'

'My dear friend, let me embrace you.'

'One moment; business is always business: you will please to sign this contract;' and the stranger drew a bit of parchment from his pocket, smoothed it out upon the table with his tail, and producing a pen, handed it to the Baron.

'What is that, then?'

'Only a little agreement that you will become my property, if I fulfil my promises.'

'Yours? become yours?'

'Oh, only after death, you know.'

'Humph!' said the Baron, doubtfully.

'Think of vengeance, my lord, and of Hildegard.'

'But I cannot write.'

'Never mind, just make your mark there.'

Then, as the worthy lord took the pen, the curious tail was curled rapidly round and touched the back of his hand. He jumped; it was as if a needle had been stuck into him, and from the spot touched by the whistle there oozed out a large drop of blood.

'Just dip the pen in that,' said the stranger; 'I have forgotten my ink-horn.'

Von Katzenellenbogen obeyed, and appended his mark to the contract.

'Good!' said the stranger, as he refolded the parchment and put it back into his pocket; 'and now listen to me. This afternoon at four o'clock, you and twenty of your troopers will post yourselves in the wood that marks the limits of Von Schoenberg's property, and if any thing passes that you would like to take, why take it. I will attend to the rest.'

So speaking, the little man walked slowly through the middle of the wall and disappeared. The Baron rubbed his eyes, and would have fancied that he had been dreaming, but for the little wound upon his hand. Then, as he reflected upon all that the little man had promised, he grew cheerful; and when the squire entered to tell him that they had just caught an old Jew whose doublet was full of broad pieces, he became positively gay. After ordering the Jew to be stripped, he added:

'And make him write an order for a thousand broad pieces on one of his brethren at Francfort.'

'But if he resist, my lord?'

'Humph! ah! then pull his teeth out one by one until he consent.'

Then the Baron took a flask of Rudesheimer, and then a flask of Johannisberger, and then mounted his horse, called his troopers, and set off for the Schoenberg wood.

v.

'DEAREST Hildegard, I cannot leave you here with the retainers only. I *must* go to meet the Emperor; and then there will be no one to protect you from the old Katz. I will not leave you until you promise to go to-morrow to your cousin Schoenberg's to remain there until I return. Will you do so?'

‘Yes, dear Max, although there is no danger for the three or four days that you will be absent.’

‘Well, I have your promise, and another one, eh? On your birthday you go with me to Steinrad as its darling mistress; is it not so?’

And the Lady Hildegard blushed; and Graf Max von Steinrad put his arms about her, and their lips were pressed together. So Max departed.

Now this happened the very day before our history opens. And on the morrow Hildegard donned her riding-attire, and, attended by her maidens and six men-at-arms, rode gaily for Schoenberg. The sun shone, the girls prattled, the sweet brown eyes of Hildegard noted the scenery, and her heart remembered Max; and so they rode slowly along till the sun began to decline in the heavens, and to slant his golden rays through the foliage of the wood. Then one of the troopers rode up to Hildegard, and, doffing his banet-cap, said:

‘Would it please you, noble lady, to prick on a little faster? I do not think we will reach Schoenberg before night-fall.’

‘I don’t think you will,’ cried a gruff voice from the bush; and then there was the tramp of mailed steeds and the ring of arms, and twenty troopers headed by Katzenellenbogen surrounded the party of Hildegard. Resistance was useless, and the poor lady found herself by night-fall a prisoner in one of the turret-rooms of the fierce Baron.

And when the moon-light was clear in heaven and gleamed upon the swift Rhine, she, tired with weeping, sate leaning her head upon her hand by the window. She was watching the foam about the rock of the Lorelei when she saw a light cloud rise up slowly and hover above it, and then float down the river.

‘Poor Lorelei!’ she thought; ‘doubtless she has suffered much to have so sad a part to play; and I at least pity her.’

As she said this, she felt something brush the back of her hand, and a drop of water fell upon it. She started, but only saw the light cloud float slowly back up the Rhine.

‘The dews are beginning to fall,’ she said, and was turning from the window, when she heard a splash in the moat, and looking down made out the figure of a man swimming. He soon crossed the moat, and in a little while his head appeared above the wall, which he had climbed by the aid of a long pole-axe. Dropping inside the court-yard, he came directly under her window, and said in a low voice:

‘Hist! Hildegard! it is I, Max.’

She restrained a cry with difficulty. ‘O Max!’ she said, ‘do not stay there, you will be lost!’

‘I suspect he will,’ answered the voice of the Baron; and in one moment a dozen retainers had surrounded Graf Max, beaten down his defence, and made him prisoner. His presence was explained by the fact of his having met a messenger from the Emperor dispensing with his attendance; and on his return a peasant had informed him of the carrying away of his betrothed.

Poor Hildegard had sunk back nearly fainting, when the entrance of her persecutor forced her to summon up all her courage.

‘Well, fair dame, as your intended mate is now caught and caged,

perhaps you will think better of the proposal I made you. I have broad lands, and a stout arm. You cannot do better.'

'Sir Baron, the detestation that I had for you is now coupled with the deepest contempt. You are as cowardly as you are brutal, or you would not thus misuse the inoffensive. Know then once for all, that Hildegard Countess von Salis, rather than even touch your hand, would have her own right arm hewn from the shoulder. And now give me at least relief from your presence; and ye maidens, keep better watch and see that ye keep the bolt in the staples.'

Then did the high and mighty Franz Baron von Katzenellenbogen return to his hall in a rage.

'Curse that little manikin!' he cried; 'what good hath it done to catch the birds, if I cannot make them sing? Curses on the little wretch!'

Scarcely had he said this when a whistle was heard behind him that pierced into his very brain, and seemed as if it would cut the nerves in two.

'Hark you, Baron,' said the little man, 'don't curse your friends before they fail; but to-morrow do as I tell you.' He whispered a few words in the Baron's ear, and walked through the wall as on the first occasion. And the lord of Katzenellenbogen looked pleased, and having chuckled mirthfully over his mighty posset, retired to his couch and snored.

VI.

THE morning rose fresh, dewy, and serene. The glad voices of the birds mingled with the scent of the flowers, and went up through the pure atmosphere toward God. And Hildegard rose early, and seated herself sadly by her bed-side, when her morning prayer was ended, and began to think of her mournful lot.

A brattling fanfare of trumpets startled her from her meditations, and drew her to the window. In the court-yard below was a scaffold dressed, hung with black cloth, and surrounded by the retainers of the house of Katzenellenbogen. Upon it, masked and clothed in red, stood the tall *Scharfrichter*, or headsman, leaning upon his sword. Beside him, pale, gagged, with his hands bound behind him, knelt Graf Max von Steinrad. With a shriek, the poor girl fell back and covered her face with her hands; then rising, she ran to the door, drew the bolts, opened it, and found herself face to face with the Baron.

'Oh, save him! save him!' she cried.

'Come with me, fair dame,' he answered; and taking her hand he led her back to the window. 'There, you see, is your lover. You have now ten minutes to decide whether you will go with me to the altar, or see *his* head stricken from his shoulders.'

Hildegard fell at his feet, crying: 'O my lord, have you no mercy? Think of your own mother.'

'My father won her with the sword.'

'But you got possession of our persons by treachery.'

'Oh, all is fair in love.'

'Is there then no way to save him?'

'Yes: become my wife.'

'I cannot! I cannot!'

'Then take your last look at him; for when I have counted three, his head will roll in the dust.'

'Mercy!' cried Hildegard.

'One!' said the baron, and the executioner drew himself up.

'Max! dear Max!' she called from the window, turning her streaming eyes toward her betrothed. He turned his pale face toward her, and made her a mute sign of adieu.

'Two!' and the headsman swung his sword on high. Then Hildegard, white as ashes, stretched out her hand to the Baron and said: 'Lead me to the chapel!'

'Unbind the prisoner and lead him to his room,' ordered the Baron. 'Now come, my bride.'

And he led her to the chapel, and the nuptial benediction was pronounced, and Hildegard was Baroness von Katzenellenbogen. She fell fainting, and was carried by her maidens into the sacristy.

While the Baron was still waiting, they heard a cry of alarm from the sentinel, and the feudal lord sprang forth and mounted the wall. Lo! on the other side of the moat sate Hildegard upon a snow-white palfrey, and waved her hand to him, and struck her horse with a light whip, and away like the wind. He sprang from the wall, and across the draw-bridge; there stood a jet-black charger saddled, and without a moment's thought the Baron leaped upon his back and drove the spurs into his sides. The bound of the steed was like the swoop of an eagle, and he thundered down the hill. God, what a wild ride! plashing through marsh and brook, scrambling through thicket and rocky pass, the woman and the palfrey before, the Baron behind on his swart steed, that snorted with fury. On up the Rhine, through startled hamlet, dark cedar-wood, on past the rock of the Lorelei to the house of a boatman on the shore. Here he saw Hildegard spring from her palfrey, and into a skiff, which with one light push she sent from the shore. A few bounds brought her pursuer to the same place, and in another moment he too was in a boat sweeping down the fierce current of the Rhine.

With his eyes fixed upon her, he saw her approach the rock of the Lorelei, and with light foot leap upon it. Then she dashed the white wreath from her head and shook down her tresses, no longer brown, but golden as the sun-light; she tore the robe from her shoulders, and her white bosom rose, fair as the snow, and with her ivory arms she swept the golden chords of a harp, and her weird, sweet song rang into the reeling brain of the Baron.

'O God!' he shrieked, 'it is the Lorelei.' And as the power of the whirlpool caught his bark he heard her ringing, unearthly laugh, and saw her mocking, pitiless face. And the whirlpool had him and sucked him down into its vortex, and drew him round and round amid the sharp rocks at the bottom, and threw his bruised corpse back up to the surface, and the current cast it at the feet of the retainers upon the shore.

And when they would have raised it to bear it to the chapel, a horrid, ear-piercing whistle was heard, and the little man appeared, seized the corpse by the belt, swung it about like a feather, and vanished with it into the ground.

Thus, for her pity, did the Lorelei take the form of Hildegard and lure the Baron to his doom. As for Hildegard, all that the marriage had accomplished was to make her inheritress of the domain and castle of Katzenellenbogen; and not knowing precisely what else to do with it, she presented it to Graf Max von Steinrad, with all that was in it, including herself.

M A Y .

B Y A . W A L A N S .

I.

THE maple's light and slender rods
 A crimson glory round me shed,
 And on the air an incense floats
 Fresh from the violet's dewy bed;
 The willow's sad and drooping boughs
 Upon the breeze their tassels wave,
 And with the south wind weep and sigh
 Around a low and lonely grave.

II.

One year ago, and she who sleeps
 Beneath the church-yard's chilly mould,
 Above the place where now she rests,
 The secrets of her bosom told;
 Her bright and glowing cheeks outshone
 The spring-time maple's crimson bloom:
 Alas! that loveliness like hers
 Should blossom only for the tomb!

III.

The Summer wove its wreath of flowers
 Around her tresses, glory-crowned:
 It found her rosy as the hours
 That hail the sun's returning round;
 It left her as the lily pale
 That grows upon the grassy lea,
 With beauty more of heaven than earth,
 A thing of love and purity.

IV.

When Autumn's red and dying leaves
 In heaps within the forest lay,
 Sustained by child-like faith and trust,
 With seraph-wing she passed away.
 We heard upon the northern hills
 The icy Winter's heavy tread,
 And kissing then her snowy brow,
 Sadly we laid her with the dead.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

UP-COUNTRY LETTERS. Edited by Professor B —, National Observatory. In one volume: pp. 329. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE 'inkling' of this volume which we gave our readers in the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER will have stimulated their curiosity to *hear* more of it; and this notice, we trust, may move them, by its purchase, to *see* more of it, 'complete in the original.' We begin by remarking, that the size of the volume is convenient, the lines open and clear, the paper good, and that there are two very tasteful engravings, from designs by WIER, who 'touches nothing that he does not ornament.' But the exterior of the work, neat as it is, will scarcely be noticed by the reader, after he has commenced the book. The author wins at once upon your confidence by his simplicity, his genuine feeling, and his unaffected love of outward and 'human' nature. His book is informed with a religious spirit, which you see rather in the heart of the author than in any forced exhibition of it for your behoof. There are touches of quiet humor occasionally, and satire that will be none the less effective from its being sly and unmalicious. But we shall let the author speak for himself in the few extracts for which we can find space: commencing with the annexed beautiful passage from a letter describing 'Sunday Night,' with the family of 'Pundison House,' recalling and singing over 'the old Connecticut hymns:'

'We meet now — those of us who are left — but more rarely. We sing the same songs: but we are not all here. Some have faded away, and others are scattered about the land. Shall we ever meet again to sing those old tunes? Not here. We can have but an echo of those days now. But we may meet — all meet — in a better home. (May our FATHER in Heaven grant that this be so.) We may all meet there and sing them again, with the hosts of Heaven; with the 'thousands and thousands, and ten times thousands,' who surround the throne of the LAMB, and cease not day nor night, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, which was, and is, and is to come.'

'All gathered at one hearth — father, and mother, and sisters, and brothers — to walk in white robes: to sing there the song of the redeemed in glory! Oh, *my Father and my God*, will this be so? All — *all* gathered in that happy home! Will it be so?

'I have been to-night in one of my sad but joyous moods: silent and bewildered: the images of old friends and old times about me. It is not long since my voice was strong and firm. It is so now; but in this strange humor — this indomitable wilfulness of the heart — I have no power over it. I can but sit, speechless, and look up with a trembling hope to the kind HEAVEN which is over all.

'I was sitting, to-night, leaned back in my chair, while T. sat by the hearth, gazing silently upon the dying embers, when my father came in, and without speaking to us, began walking slowly across the room. Presently he began an old anthem, in a low tone, his voice — a very unusual thing — trembling, and at times almost failing him, while he walked slowly back and forth. The words, as well as I remember them, were: 'Farewell, farewell, my friends, and God grant that we may meet again, where trouble shall cease and harmony abound.' As he finished singing, he turned to me and asked what old piece it was. 'Strange,' he said, 'that I should think of it now. I do not remember of singing it in more than forty years. It must be one of the old pieces we used to sing on Litchfield Hill;' and again he repeated it slowly, as if searching carefully for the old tones so long buried — 'Farewell, farewell, my friends!'

'He retired soon after, but presently returned, with a black leather-covered book (*Songs of the Temple*, 1819), took a seat by the table, by the side of my wife, and opening the book carefully, turned to an old tune not at all familiar to me, but of a soft and plaintive strain. It was very sim-

ple in tone, but exceedingly difficult in construction. My father sang it through once by himself, and then asked us to sing it with him. I was in that foolish condition I have mentioned — my eyes troubled with tears — and could make no reply. I was, in fact, pretending to sleep. My father looked at me a moment, over his glasses, but said no more, and began singing again; my wife joining with him. These are the words:

“Tis finished, so the SAVIOUR cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
‘Tis finished — yes — the race is run,
The battle’s fought — the victory won!’

‘They sang it again and again, with the same words. My wife has a sweet voice, and they both sang in low and subdued tones; my father using but little of his usual gesticulation, only raising and lowering his hands slowly, as in prayer. Once at the close of the verse, he looked at T. with a smile, and remarked, gently, that she did not quite touch a certain note. ‘But,’ said he, in the same low tone, ‘it is very intricate.’ Again and again they repeated it, and the words still throb at my heart:

“The battle’s fought — the victory won!’

‘At length my father rose, bowed, without speaking, and retired. T. came and sat by me, silently, for a few moments, and went up to her rest.

‘And now the midnight has come, my friend, and Sunday night is over. I must go now. But I shall still see that picture of youth and age bending over the old book — the calm and prayerful face of T. and the grave but rapt look of my father: I shall still hear, in the morning watch, those sweet, sad tones, and those glorious words:

“Tis finished — yes — the race is run;
The battle fought — the victory won!’

Now here are two ‘bits,’ as connoisseurs say, in picking out the beauties of a fine picture, which strike us as being very felicitous writing. And yet the one is simply a fragment of a ‘cattle-piece,’ and the other a ‘good-bye’ to a favorite horse:

‘Tis had her calf, as usual, last spring, and as usual, it was taken from her, after a week or so. This is, perhaps, the most exciting part of Tis’s life: for such is her fury on these occasions, that we are obliged to shut her in the stable, carefully hiding which way the calf is taken; as that way she would take, over whatever hindrances. She has often been down a twenty-foot bank, in the rear of the grove, but by what miracle to arrive at the bottom alive, no body has been present to witness. For a day or two, and sometimes for a week, after the calf is taken away, the cow goes about in a melancholy and half-distracted manner, giving out horrid ejaculations, and running at every thing which has the remotest resemblance to a calf. But after a few days, these die away into low wails; and in the sweetness of the new grass, she forgets at last that she is a mother, or apparently forgets, and nearly all day you will see her sitting on the very pinnacle of the little knoll in the east pasture. (for I speak not now of the solstitial heats, when she goes down under the hickories), and looking always to the rising sun. There sat Tin, this last summer, as she had for many summers before, and was to all appearance content and cheerful. It was now about two months after her calf had been removed, when one morning I walked out into the pasture, and there saw, in the astonished gaze of the whole world, this same little Tia being suckled by a great black calf, which had broken in on a neighbor’s premises! As you may suppose, my indignation, not less than my amazement, was excessive. But what was wonderful, Sir, she refused to give up the big booby. In short, there was nearly the same time and trouble in creating this divorce, that there had been in taking away her little heifer; which, by the way, was, like herself, of a beautiful red. Now, how could she imagine this black rascal to be her little red heifer? But here I remark, that perhaps she didn’t. Tin is no fool; but if she has a fault, it is her extraordinary benevolence. And I take this position: she probably said to herself: ‘Bless my soul and body! look at that calf! but it’s not my little heifer; the black rascal, he comes up to me as though I was his mother. He is a bold fellow! there he is nosing and butting about: upon my word; modest, eh? Ah well, my good people, while I’m a cow, and there’s calves abroad, here’s breakfast for all!’

‘Have I told you that JENNY is gone? ay, Sir, gone! I have sent her to my cousin, the squire. JOHNNY, who is at a neighbor’s, took her to the station, and put her on the cars, neatly blanketed, and with a clean halter, labelled, ‘JENNY of the Vine Leaves, for the SQUIRE at the Falls of the Rattle-down, Old Connecticut.’ The SQUIRE is well acquainted with all her ways, and promises to take care of her. She is, as it were, retired from life: for years I have used her but rarely, and now she is to devote herself entirely to domestic matters. In short, I have already spoken for the first colt. Think, Sir, of a colt from JENNY; a young lightning; a swift embodiment of nerve and fancy, kicking up his heels under those grand old mountains! Some people question whether, being in her latter days, and a horse of such high imagination, the having a colt may not frighten her out of her wits. I can imagine her trembling, and staring with a mute look of awe and wonder, at the apparition; but, Sir, when she appreciates the fact, that this is bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, how bright will be the pasture that morning; how sunny all the world! She will behave herself with the dignity of a mother; but if that youngster ever gets to imagine that he is doing any great thing, as he flourishes about the lots, how will she undeceive the lad — for the fact is, the mare never will be old: especially now that she is to have colts, and to lead a pastoral life, for the rest of her days.

‘Good-bye, JENNY: never again shall I go over your head, in a Somerset, as I did so often, years and years ago. I am safe from that, and you are let out into sweet grasses, and young peas, and all good things, for the rest of your life. But, by and by, as the years roll on, you will, some day, wander away up the hill-side, and there lie down for the last time, under the big apple-tree by the lane; and by that time, perhaps, or sooner, I shall have done with looking on, in this swift-footed life, and the light of the river and the pasture will have faded away. Good-bye: good-bye.’

Our author is usually calm and quiet, and 'possesses himself in great contentment;' but one evening he was very much 'out of sorts' indeed; and he gives vent to his feelings in this wise: 'Ah! what a day we have had: howling, blowing, snow-squalling! I'm going to bed, but I don't expect to sleep a wink. I shall wink, however; wink, and wink, and wink, all night. Do nothing else. Devils will be about, and processions of little people six inches high. I know them. See them often. All making faces and doing the silliest things. All gaping, sneezing, blowing in tin-horns, ringing bells—SCAT!' This sounds like a 'tendency of blood to the head.' We close our extracts with a letter entitled '*Drive Slow*,' which, while it depicts an overtaken brain, is full of meaning:

'My father was right. I have driven too fast.

'And oh, that some angel, in the days gone by, had continually written in letters of fire between me and this our dashing world—in all times of peril, in by-ways and in dark places—those words of wisdom, *drive slow, drive slow*.

'For now—we must go on; at whatever rate, we must drive on: and there is no rest; no rest, although we go to wreck and ruin, as crumbling bones and bewildered head attest. In short, Professor, we are coming to a break-up.

'The outriders are about: outriders of the long nights, the nights to come: nights of watching and trouble; among the mountains, the 'dark mountains:' among the strange faces, and doings still more strange: nights to which the morning is a hymn of joy and thanksgiving.

'And beyond, is DEATH. Over the way there, and not far, death. Him, with God's help, we can meet, but I like not this company.

'Forerunners of evil—officious messengers—*Vanish!*

'I say this with some dignity, but in a moment they are here again; and oh, so busy, busy, busy; and for ever in that continual mutter and sneeze.

'You will think, perhaps, I am outlining imaginary things. Would that I could give you just the outlines. It would satisfy you for a life-time, even if you had been born in the Hartz Mountains. FRANK knows them well, but he is away over the blue water.

'They are about me, by times, all day, these imaginary (?) voices, but at night they come in crowds.

'It is now approaching the midnight, and I am alone, writing here with pen, ink, and paper. This, I suppose, is fact. I am a fact, also. I see myself, the paper and pen, the fire now in its ashes, the empty chairs which our gentle-people left an hour ago for their rooms above; and to any one else the room would seem solemn and still as the grave. *It is not.* Solemn enough it is, but full of people. I could see them with slight effort, but am careful to make no experiments. I have tried that in times past: it was unpleasant. It is enough to hear them, as I do now; not in some distant chamber, but here at my elbow, within the sweep of my arm, muttering and complaining always in low, sad tones, but all about what, no man knoweth this side the grave. Long, long discussions, broken with sudden starts and pauses, exclamations, whistlings, and coughings especially: but mainly it is a low, grumbling monotone from very unhappy people apparently, who can't be satisfied, and are continually questioning and questioning, and again questioning, and objecting for ever and for ever to all propositions of peace.

'I turn round in my chair (they are always on my left) and say to them, mentally: 'Will you please stop for a few moments? will you have the kindness to be quiet, say for five minutes, (only five minutes,) while I finish this letter?' I do this in the gentlest manner, but:

'No—no—can't stop—can't—can't—can't: *don't know how*—no—no—no—can't stop!

'I rise, and thunder—GET OUT! SCATTER!

'This frightens them some, (they are afraid of me as death; there's comfort in that;) but in a moment they are here again.

'Why do they come to me? Professor, man of science, star-gazer, why? and why do they come to me? I can't help them. Let them speak out, and above board; but these hints!

'I shudder to think, however, that if they should speak plainly, intelligibly, I should inevitably reply; and this, carried on to any extent, would be—what? Speak it out, Professor, speak it out; no hints from you, my last friend; it would be—madness!

'This, however, I do not apprehend; for I know them of old. They are forerunners of the long nights, beyond which, as I said, is death. But let them come. I have driven too fast, and must pay the reckoning.'

We have found no space, much to our regret, to notice a pleasant thread of foreign correspondence, appearing here and there, in artistic juxtaposition and variety in the volume, in the shape of gossiping letters from one FRANK BRAYERS, who seems to think and write marvellously like the friend to whom he addresses his epistles. The paternity of the 'log-book' on ship-board we fancy we could almost 'swear to.' Life at sea, the arrival on a foreign shore, and running glances at life in Paris, are exceedingly well sketched. But we must take sudden leave of these 'Up-Country Letters,' and with the foregoing evidences of their variety and pleasantness, commend them cordially to the acceptance and admiration of our readers.

NEW RHETORICAL READER AND ELOCUTIONIST. By WILLIAM H. GILDER, A.M. In one volume: pp. 336. New-York: J. C. RIKER.

THE author, unlike the majority of those who prepare school-books, modestly remarks in his preface that his work does not claim superiority over all its predecessors, nor does he know that the interests of education are suffering for the want of it; but that his long experience as a teacher has qualified him, he believes, to prepare a reading-book which will be found valuable to those to whom is confided the training of the rising generation. From an examination, however, of its selections, we are prepared to say that it will be found fully equal to many similar works, and in some respects decidedly superior. While the old standard extracts from the best authors are still reproduced, that they may continue to each successive generation 'familiar as household words,' many names have been added from the catalogue of those who have enriched our current age, and added brightness to our national literature. There are several hundreds of judicious, well-made selections, both in prose and in verse, well adapted to make the scholar versed in the most eloquent and beautiful writers of the language. The work is preceded by a succinct and excellent essay on the essential principles of elocution. We wish it all the success which it deserves.

MEMOIRS OF EXTRAORDINARY POPULAR DELUSIONS, and the 'Madness of the People.' By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Illustrated with numerous Engravings.

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES, with SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. Illustrated with numerous Engravings.

NINEVEH AND ITS PALACES. The Discoveries of BOTTA and LAYARD applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ. By JOSEPH BONOMI, F.R.S.L.

ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By CHARLOTTE A. EATON. Fifth Edition: with Illustrations.

WE have heretofore, on three or four occasions, alluded to the different excellent 'Libraries' published by BOHN, in London, and Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, Park-row, in this city, and we are the more impressed with their value and beauty by every subsequent issue. We have now before us the several books whose titles are prefixed to this notice. The first is an exceedingly interesting work, in two volumes. It opens with a description of '*Law's Mississippi Bubble*,' familiar to our readers through the admirable paper thus entitled, written by WASHINGTON IRVING for these pages. In addition to this, we have the '*South-Sea Bubble*,' so well depicted by CHARLES LAMB, with chapters on '*The Alchemists*,' '*Prophesiers*,' '*Fortune-Tellers*,' '*Magnetizers*,' '*Crusaders*,' '*Witches*,' '*Slow-Poisoners*,' '*Haunted Houses*,' '*Duels and Ordeals*,' etc.: the whole illustrated by a great number and variety of effective engravings. - - - THE second-named work is a new edition of the celebrated '*Tour*,' with introduction and notes by ROBERT CARUTHERS, and is illustrated with numerous portraits, views, and characteristic designs. It contains some poetical pieces by Dr. JOHNSON, relative to the tour, and never before published, a series of his conversations, literary anecdotes, and opinions of men and books, together with an account of the distresses and escape of the grand-son of King JAMES the Second, in the year 1746. - - - 'NINEVEH and its Palaces' is a large and liberally-illustrated

work. It bears this motto from the Bible, and its deductions are in accordance with the spirit of the passage:

‘For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.’

Our readers will remember the long and elaborate notice taken in these pages of LAYARD’s discoveries, at the time they first transpired, and will therefore feel a renewed interest in the interesting work now published. - - - The volume last named in our list is the first of two, now published from the fifth edition. The work contains a complete account of the ruins of the ‘Ancient City,’ the remains of the Middle-Ages, and the monuments of modern times, with remarks on the fine arts, the museums of sculpture and painting, the manners, customs, and religious ceremonies of the modern Romans, etc., etc. Thirty-four engraved illustrations truly ‘embellish’ the work, and a complete index leaves nothing to be desired for the convenience and gratification of the reader. From the same enterprising publishers we have ‘The Tattler’ and ‘Guardian;’ the fifth volume of ‘*Vasari’s Lives of the Painters*,’ of the ‘Standard Library;’ ‘*Ovid, Literally Translated*,’ (Heroides, Amours, Art of Love, etc.,) of the ‘Classical Library;’ and ‘*Kirby’s Bridgewater Treatises*,’ of the ‘Scientific Library:’ all of them works of the highest character and value, but of which we cannot farther speak ‘at this present.’

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. In four volumes. Volumes One and Two. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THERE is reason, we think, to believe that the present edition of BURNS’ life and works will eventually take the place of all others that have preceded it. Aside from the new matter here presented, much of which possesses no ordinary interest, the arrangement of the work is admirable. Instead of the poems being inserted together after the biography, as in all other editions heretofore, they are mingled with the descriptions of the scenes and events in BURNS’ life which gave rise to them. CURRIE aimed at no detail of the poet’s life, and did little more than arrange reports on the subject from the poet himself and others, and to accompany the narrative with dissertations on the institutional influences which affect the character of the Scottish peasant. In the publication of the poetical and prose writings of BURNS, he paid little attention to arrangement or illustration, but contented himself with a tasteful selection. LOCKHART’S life of the poet adds little to the details previously known, although it is kind without being partial toward its subject, and informed with a fine spirit of criticism. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM’S biography gives a great amount of anecdote, and has much of the charm of that pleasant writer’s manner; yet he failed to apprehend and grapple with the difficulties of his subject, and his work left much to be desired. In the present volumes, the author has entered upon a minute examination of *all* the materials which existed for a biography of the great peasant-bard, and has collected new and authentic particulars from all available sources, including the memory of his youngest sister, who still survives. The author must have been at vast pains of research in ascertaining dates; in tracing the relations of writings to facts, and facts to writings; in checking mistakes, not merely of biographers, but of the poet himself and his nearest relatives; and in verifying fresh information of the highest interest and value. Commending

this edition, which is in a convenient form, and well executed, to the hearty acceptance of every lover of BURNS and of true Scottish poetry, we close our notice with this single passage from the author's preface:

'As to the tone adopted regarding the *morale* of BURNS, my wish has been, in a word, to write the truth with tenderness. To say that BURNS was a man, is to say that he was not without infirmities. On this subject there has been much error on both sides, and the very prominence given to the subject has involved an injustice. I feel, for my own part, no hesitation in showing BURNS as the being of impulse and passion, subject, like other men, to occasional aberrations, which he actually was, but this in due subordination to the many admirable traits of character which shone in his life and writings. Regarding one whose brief life was one long hardship, relieved by little beside an ungainful excitement; who, during this singularly hapless career, did, on the whole, well maintain the grand battle of Will against Circumstances; who, strange to say, in the midst of his own poverty, conferred an inestimable and imperishable gift upon mankind — an Undying Voice for their finest sympathies; stamping at the same time more deeply the divine doctrine of the fundamental equality of consideration due to all men; regarding such a one, justice might perhaps be contented with less, but it could not well demand more. His writings involve much that one cannot but think unhappily chosen in point of subject and allusion; but, after all, who could wish even those which are most infelicitous in this respect unwritten?'

A STEP FROM THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD, AND BACK AGAIN. By HENRY P. TAPPAN. In two volumes: pp. 608. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THERE has been no lack, for several years past, of books of European travel; inasmuch that it requires a bold and adventurous writer, or one whose name alone would give a *prestige* to his book, to venture upon the publication of his 'travel's history.' We are glad, however, in common, we are quite certain, with all his readers, that Mr. TAPPAN has thus adventured. He has gone over ground, to be sure, that has often been gone over before; he has seen men and things often seen and described; and yet he has invested all that he saw and heard with a new interest, and given us a comparatively fresh work. As a single example of the spirited style of his volumes, we present this 'picture in little' of the Grindelwald and Oberland Alps, which brings that scene of grandeur at once before the reader:

'I CHANCED to look toward the Grindelwald, where the mountains had been for an hour or two veiled in clouds, when a shining speck caught my eye, high up in the heavens above the clouds, and as I supposed, at first, above the tops of the Alps. The clouds opened a little more, and I perceived it was a snow-peak. I never before had such an impression of the height of the Alps. Our judgment of height, as well as of magnitude generally, is relative. From childhood nothing has appeared so high to us beneath the heavens as the clouds. From the place where I was, I could not see any of the lower mountains; I saw only a mass of clouds, and the snow-peak above them. The comparison, therefore, was simply with the clouds themselves. How high did it appear? The height varied with my thought, but sometimes it seemed to occupy the elevation of the sun, for it broke out of the clouds as the sun is often seen to do.

'While sailing on the lake down to Thun, as the sun sunk low in the west, the whole range of the Oberland gradually emerged from the clouds. Peak after peak sprang up into the levelled beams of the sun, and the horizon was studded with golden pinnacles which seemed to rise from a sea of clouds. The shores of the lake rejoiced in the same beautiful sun-light; and when we reached the lower end of the lake, the Aar, as it shot from its bosom, appeared like a swift messenger hastening away to far-off lands, to tell them a story of the lake and the mountains.

'There is an old castle in Thun—some eight centuries old—standing upon an eminence in the midst of the town, to which you ascend by steps; and near the old tower is an old church, with a terrace on which some yews are planted. This terrace looks out upon the lake and the Alps. I went up there to witness the effect of the setting sun upon the ice-mountains which now lay exposed to view in a clear atmosphere. It is a sight one can never grow tired of. I looked out from between two young yew-trees: the old town lay at my feet; then came the river, emerging from the lake above the town, with wooded banks and beautiful country-seats scattered along; then the lake of Thun, now dark under the shadow of the Niesen; then the farther shore rising into forest slopes, and these again into limestone hills and mountains; then the Alps, with mist at their base above the lower mountains; and last of all, the snowy tops in the heavens, bathed in purple and roseate sunshine.'

We have no farther room for comment upon these volumes; but we may well forego that pleasure, since the work itself will have found its way to a large portion of our readers before this Magazine will have left the press. Its external execution, it is not amiss to add, is excellent in all respects.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANOTHER 'LETTER FROM UP THE RIVER.'—'There is in the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER,' says a public critic, of rare taste and accomplishments, '*A Letter from Up the River*,' chatting of every-day country life in a style of delightful freshness and naïveté. Give us more, O friendly 'KNICK!' To which appeal we reply, by pointing to the following admirable epistle, which strikes us as even superior to any that have preceded it:

'Up the River, July 18.

'In my last I informed you of the reception of a pair of superb Shanghais, a cock and a hen. They are docile and magnificent birds, distinguished by an erect military carriage, and with voices which appear to be clarified with rock-candy. I put them in the crib for three or four days until they should become domesticated. But they immediately take to their new home. How different from cats!

'This is not the first time that I have received presents of this kind: not long since, some imperial sherry; and I have had my doubts whether the course for me would not be to turn imperial beggar, to come out boldly and state my wants, when there is no 'manner of doubt' that they would be supplied; for there are so many people who, to quote the language of Mr. SMITH, my neighbor, 'take an interest into me,' that I should have my enclosures full of blood-stock. I learn by your own note to me that you went to MORRIS's great sale at Fordham, fully cocked and primed with the intention of procuring Shanghais, which was baffled because only short-horns and Durhams were offered by the auctioneer. A dreadful fatality attends our efforts, when directed toward making a gift! It would not be at all surprising if I got another pair of Shanghais from some quarter or other, but this would be a work of supererogation, as I am already supplied. The yellow legs of these fowls are covered with down, and they afford a fine chance for the abandoned chicken-stealer, as they permit you to take them from the roost without flutter or noise. Let Mr. ANTHONY look to this when he comes out of jail. Their excellence was discovered by the missionaries at Shanghai, in China, and you will find their pictures drawn to the life in books on poultry. If I mistake not, that excellent work written by Mr. ABRAHAM COCK was published before the importation of the bird.

'Some people in these parts have lately turned their chickens and even cattle into the oat-fields. It would remind you of PHARAOH's times to walk abroad, for the 'grass-hopper' has become 'a burden.' They literally strip the fields of vegetation, and go in hosts. After consuming the corn, the hay, and the oats, in their raging gluttony they hop into the windows and attack the rugs and carpets. The other day they bit my hand, and bit my cheek, and ate a hole in my

lady's shawl; and their mouths are full of molasses. *Hops* are abundant, but other crops will be rare. Hay is already exorbitantly high, I mean in the market. On the edges of the high-ways they have literally gnawed out the roots of the grass, leaving the surface as bare as the 'Battery' or Boston Common after the Fourth of July. Frogs, who have hitherto carried off the palm in hopping, leap into the wells out of sheer vexation, and remain in their cool seclusion until drawn up in buckets.

'While the locusts this year move in advance, and the grass-hoppers forage among the corn, General POTATO-BUG has squatted down with his innumerable hosts in the gardens and patches. At night they betake themselves to their brown wings, and with their stomachs full of potatoes sit down in a new place. I have impaled a half-dozen of them on the steel point which writes this, and I now proceed to attack them with my pen. For other kind of bugs you use quills, only the feather-end, dipped in corrosive sublimate instead of corrosive ink. But of these enemies of the Irish people no body knows how to get rid. They are a teeming nuisance, and if you mash one of them on your hand it immediately raises a blister, like the monkey's kiss inflicted on the dear little sister of the baboon. It is supposed that the incursion of the bugs is owing to the want of more stringent game-laws, but in PHARAOH's times, when they did not go a-shooting, they had them in abundance. It is more than probable, however, that the Egyptians excelled in snares, and got more birds than we do now by powder and shot. *Ho torto, ò ragione*: am I right or wrong?

'NINETEENTH. — To-day it is hot, hot! Walking among the mountains to get milk-weed, I came upon a clear stream fretting over the stones. Searching out a resplendent pool where the willows drooped, taking a bird's-eye view that no MUSMORA might be at hand, looking around warily to see that the coast was clear of snakes, I stuck my cane into the velvet turf upon the marge, and hanging thereon a beacon shirt, upon my word, accoutred as I was, I plunged in. *O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro!* O delightful rivulet in Dutchess county, clear as crystal! — how refreshing to the wearied traveller in search of milk-weeds! How welcome each advancing ripple, pictured and tinted with the wild rose which grew upon the marge, as if the spirit of the flower had become detached from its corporeal form, and been translated to the lymph! It was a bath of roses, O my friend, which Croton fascets and pewter tubs cannot afford. For who would touch the filthy flesh-brush — oh horrible! — hung up for general use in the steaming bath-house, when he can have the friction of the willow-branches, which, like the long hair of the Nereïds, float upon the stream? More pleasant far to let your head rest upon a rock, to be embraced and cradled by the living waves, cast your eyes up to the blue sky, mark the castles, mountains, and Alpine masses formed by the white clouds, and with a soul purified from every earthly stain, and every nerve re-strung, imagine much, and gather strength and courage in your buoyant arms, which just hung nerveless at your side. There as I lay I heard with satisfaction the sound of the broiling locusts, and the horns which called the laborer to his meal, and the enchanting music of the bobolink. The cat-bird sang his superior cavatina in the bush; the larches and the mountain-pines swayed with a faint celestial melody; the willows sighed. Then came floating along in the amber-cells of the refreshed brain sweet memories of the poets; what HORATIUS says in his odes; what VIRGILIUS in his Eclogues; what PLINIUS in his letters; what the classic muse of IZAAK WALTON, and all the Aldine bards. From the bath one rises up a better man; and he

must be a grovelling wretch indeed who would go to do a mean or sordid act before his hair is dry. It allays the mind, quickens intellect, abates *ennui*. Oh! how flat, weary, stale and unprofitable does life appear 'in a dry and thirsty land where no water is!' The earth is regenerated in baptism. In my present domicile I have one substitute for a bath, which I admit is a poor one, and would meet with the contempt of any Turk, and that is a big tub and sponge, in which I dabble two or three times a day, reading or writing at the same time. That is what I am doing now, and it is no small matter to keep the paper dry. Sometimes when it rains I sit on a stone under a gutter at the corner of the house, pushing aside a wild rose-bush, and so take it. This is good, but the country is at present afflicted with drouth. The corn wants a drink. The *blades* demand it, both here and in the State of Maine, but heaven and earth at present distil nothing. What will become of us if we want water as well as sun?

'Oh! it is glorious toward the close of a sultry day, when you can see the flood of rarified air play and vibrate over the fields like a fine steam, to hear the cry: 'There is a shower coming!' and presently the sun is clouded, fresh breezes fan the forehead, the clouds come trooping over the mountains in delightful angry blackness, the thunder rolls, the forked lightnings begin to play, the dust and leaves whirl in eddies, and in the distance you hear a steady roar like the beating of breakers on the coast. Then come a few hail-shots from the advance-guard of the storm; then a few icy flakes and round pellets tumbling from the piazza. The winds grow furious; the trees bend low; the brittle willow-branches and worm-eaten locust-boughs fall to the ground; and at last, in one illuminated sheet, illuminated by constant flashes, the rain falls. How great the disappointment when the clouds promise the impending storm, marshal themselves for an hour on the mountain-tops, then pass by to discharge their honey on some other thirsty place! Sometimes we are envious of Orange, sometimes of Westchester. We see the falling showers in the distance, and know that other parts of the heritage is refreshed, while we pant and fan ourselves, and the heated pig stretches himself at full length in the way-side gutter—a picture of beastly luxury, which makes one smile. While I now write, all this is coming to pass. My apples and plums are fast falling to the earth, shaken off by the wanton wind. The girl has just brought in an egg laid by the Shanghai hen, guided to the nest by a triumphant cackle, which proclaimed that another egg was in the world.

'Speaking of birds, one remark, if you please, on robins. There is a nest upon a neighboring tree, and I was glad to see their young mouths open, and the earth-worm dropped by the parent-bird into the ruddy gulfs. At last they took their first lessons in the flying-art, venturing from limb to limb, and from bush to bush. A hawk, wheeling in bold circles, and with his eye intent, at one fell swoop seized one of these young innocents in his talons, and cropt his education in the bud. He was pursued and picked at by a number of little screaming birds, but bore his prey aloft to a mountain rock, where he picked out its eyes and fluttering heart. Munching and chewing at his entrails, the gluttonous hawk might say, 'This is a tender pullet, and has grown fat on flies. Many an insect has he deprived of its new-born young.' There is some truth in such ratiocination, no doubt. What am I doing myself at this moment? Writing by candle-light, and the bugs and millers (to say nothing of the buzzing, disgusting beetles, who bump their heads against the wall) bother me so much, getting into the eyes, into the nose, and into the mouth, that the paper on which this is scrawled is full of victims. In one corner lies *Moscurro* at full length, hammered flat with

a blow of the fist, with his long antlers stretched out, and his tune arrested in the midst: in another, Mr. MILLER is laid out dead. I have killed an hundred organisms more ingenious than any Yankee clock in as many seconds, while others have committed suicide by flying into the flame. So thus might the hawk, if as wise as the owl, pounce upon me in argument and say, 'This is all right. It is the way of the world.' But I was sorry that this particular robin should mourn the tragic fate of its young, and I will tell you why. The other day he did what no other adult robin ever did in my own knowledge, and caused a singular portent or omen to occur. He hopped upon the shoulder of a good boy standing on the lawn, and for five minutes sang a song in his very ear. 'Oh!' said the little boy, who stood as still as a piece of sculpture, and scarcely breathed, 'it was so sweet! it was so musical!' Perhaps it might have been to thank the family for the protection afforded to his nest, and for the veto on percussion-guns, and for the largess of daily crumbs. He seemed to say, 'My family are now fledged, and in a few days will go to seek their fortune in the world. In another year, when they become parents themselves, they will build their nests upon the self-same bough. Thanks, kind people! Until another blooming spring, farewell!'

'I have received a letter with this impertinent query: 'At what time in the afternoon do you breakfast?' I don't breakfast in the afternoon: I am out to 'meet the sun upon the upland lawn,' to look upon the jewelled blades. Sometimes I over-sleep myself (the other day by four hours) over the usual time, for the want of a Yankee clock, but the next morning balanced the books, and made the equation right by a mistake the opposite way. My watch is out of order, having been running for four years without tinkering or quackery, which is longer than the human system keeps a-going without medicine, in these dyspeptic times. My watch *lies* under my pillow, (tick upon tick,) or at least it did the other day, for when I drew it out it was half-past ten o'clock. I sprang up in hot haste, swallowed hot coffee, and had the breakfast swept away with the same rapidity that some people despatch dinner. In an hour after, I sent over to the neighbors to compare time, and lo! it was half-past five o'clock, and a pleasant morning! My time-piece had stopped, and the hands still pointed to half-past ten. The Yankees make brass clocks which are sold for one dollar, and not 'poor pay poor preach' either, for they 'lectur' upon time with all truth and propriety, and are an active example of 'good works.' Will not the Yankees make a piano at the same price, which will play as well as their watches work? They can't do it. This I only say by way of throwing out the gauntlet and challenging them to try, for if they can invent a machine for a dollar to keep time, that is the most important part of music.

'I have been much amused in observing the action of one or two patent Yankee churns to go by 'dog-power.' They work extremely well. Nothing short of a horse, as you know, is taken into account as a unit in the admeasurement of the mighty strength dispensed by steam. We say an engine of so many horse-power. Still, dog-strength is considerable, and although it would not move a gigantic engine, it will suffice for a machine. We make a distinction betwixt an engine and a machine. The one shows ingenuity, the other power and ingenuity combined. A dog has excellent lungs, full of breath. Observe CARLO, or PONTO, or NER, or BOSK, (or whatever your dog's name is,) when you ride out. You may drive at full speed, like my friend SMITH, over a plank-road—for SMITH always drives fast—but the dog which accompanies the horses goes ten times as far, now jumping up as if to catch them by the lip, then running a quarter of a mile

ahead after butterflies or swallows, and returning again; now taking a zig-zag course from one side to the other of the road, and finding time to swim streams and fight a dozen battles by the way; yet always fetching up with the carriage moderately panting, and with only a few crystal drops distilling from the end of his tongue. Observing these traits of endurance, the Yankee, the ingenious Yankee, devoted his attention to the application of dog-power. The horse, placed on a vile treading-mill to get the chaff out of wheat, is inadequate to the task: his eyes bulge out of his head, and he soon becomes blind and dies; but a man of common acuteness could see that the dog was the very animal to accomplish this kind of work. Hence we date the origin of churning-machines to go by dog-power. They have accomplished a perfect triumph; and those who have large dairies candidly confess that they could not do without them.

'I lately saw a dog in the course of training, and at first he evidently did not like it. He held back, refused to step, and was nearly choked by the collar. But with a good deal of coaxing he was prevailed on to make the machine churn a little. The other dog, whom I have in my eye, for the most part *loved* to churn. At times he would skulk away when he felt unwell or lazy, but he would frequently of his own accord come and jump upon the mill, and set it a-going an hour at a time, of his own free choice, with no collar about his neck, when he could jump off at any moment, and making the meanwhile the goldenest and best butter in Dutchess county. The master of this dog has placed a carpet on the rim of the wheel, to prevent his feet from becoming sore — a wise and humane precaution. I do not know when I was more gratified than to see him the other day orderly stepping it off over the carpeted circumference, hanging his tongue out, it is true, and casting side-long glances of the meekest kind, but persevering with a noble ambition toward the great work of making good butter. It was a devotion of his dog-powers alike beautiful and sublime, as far as beauty and sublimity can be applied to the dairy.

'TWENTIETH. — This morning the Shanghai hen laid another egg, of a rich brunette complexion, which we took away, and replaced by a common vulgar egg, intending to reserve the Shangaai's in a cool place until the time of incubation. Very much amused was I with the sequel. The proud and haughty superiority of the breed manifested itself by detecting the cheat and resenting the insult. SHANG and ENG flew at the supposititious egg with the utmost indignation and picked it to pieces, scratching the remnants of the shell from the nest. I am now very much afraid lest Mrs. ENG should 'steal a nest,' and set upon a parcel of eggs spoiled by the intense heat. But as she understands the philosophy of hatching better than I, perhaps she will make it all right. I must take the hint conveyed by the severe reproof of the broken shell, and remove no more eggs. There is one peculiarity of these fowls which deserves to be mentioned. When I removed mine from the basket, I thought that the worthy donor had clipped their wings to prevent them from flying away, or scaling the hennery. On farther knowledge I have learned that their style and fashion is that of the jacket-sleeve and bob-tail coat. Their eminent domesticity is clearly signified by this, because they cannot get over an ordinary fence, and would not if they could. It is because they have no disposition to do this, that Nature, with wonderful adaptation, has cropt them of their superfluous wings, and given them a plumage suitable to their desires. 'Their sober wishes never learn to stray.' They often come into the kitchen, but never go abroad to associate with common fowls, but remain at home in dignified retirement. Another thing remarkable and quite

renowned about this breed is, the oriental courtesy and politeness of the cock. If you throw a piece of bread, he waits till the hen helps herself first, and often carries it to her in his own beak. The feathered people in the east, and those *not* feathered, are far superior to ours in those elaborate and delightful forms of manner which add a charm and zest to life. This has been from the days of ABRAHAM until now. There are no common people in those realms. All are polite, and the very roosters illustrate the best principles laid down in any book of etiquette. *Book of Etiquette!* What is conventionalism without the in-born sense? Can any man or beast be taught to be mechanically polite? Not at all: not at all!

'As this letter is all about birds, although not written with a quill, but with an abominable steel pen, of which the right-hand nib is worn out, I must tell you that the swallows' nest has fallen down the chimney full of young birds. I have just looked at them through the round hole in which the stove-pipe goes. They are very pretty, and as lively as young kittens, picking one another's feathers and scrambling over each other with much twittering and noise. The parent swallows come down chimney twenty times a day to give them food. I could not help contrasting their position at the bottom of such a dark cell with the gay and joyous life to which they are destined to emerge, feeding like the chameleon on blue ether, and glancing along the valleys with the rapidity of an electric flash. What gladness! what vivacity! what energy of the principle of life! Sitting on the porch, when my own brain is dull and apoplectic, and no pleasant images come athwart it, I often envy the sailing swallows, and this may account for a dream of flying experienced in my night-slumbers at least fifty times. The wings are indeed furnished by imagination, but with a glorious, triumphant motion 'I mount, I fly:' and the sensation, the thought, is as actual, as perfectly realized, as if awake. What does this mean? The recurrence of the dream so often, instigates me to reflection, and compels me to think that it *has* significance. It tells me that the birds which fly so fleetly are but an emblem of the spirit's exhilarating speed when it shall have shuffled off this mortal coil; that what is thus anticipated shall come to pass, and that the soul shall fly from realms to realms of beauty, for ever and for ever. How cheering and consolatory is this lesson, in which I am instructed by the birds! I am occasionally annoyed by the filthy, nauseous, and disgusting bats. One of these got in the room the other night, and was very agitated, nervously dodging and seeking the door, which, like the entrance of a cavern, opened on the abyss of night. First I attacked him with a broom-stick, and then knocked him down with a cane, because I was afraid that he would get in my hair. Also I am annoyed by the little owls; likewise by the wasps. Last summer a little owl roosted on a pear-tree before my door, and ulalooed in a manner to silence the very wolves. I could not stand it, and took the trouble to dress myself and go down and throw a stone at him. He acknowledged the hint without waiting long to see what virtue there is in stones, and flitted off to the tree under my neighbor's window, where he quavered away all night with his deplorable ululations. He was one of those bullety little fellows who make a clicking, wooden noise with their bills, like the sound of Spanish castanets, and whose gray ears stick out at the side of their heads, and with eyes as rotund as a wild grape. I heartily wished that he was in BARNUM'S Museum. I used to be amused with the owl who is perched on the mantel-piece of your sanctum. I thought that he was good for an emblem, and that was all which he *was* good for. He looked as grave as a Doctor of Divinity,

or a Professor of the dead languages. And how very deep and unfathomable appeared his thought—'deeper than plummet ever sounded.' Do you not ask him questions? Do you not go to him for advice? Depend on it, he has got more wisdom than he knows what to do with, and might be an interpreter of hieroglyphics. But this epistle is too long. Time flies as well as bats. The shades of evening begin to descend, and as VIRGIL says in his *Elogue*, the mountains throw a lengthened shadow. Good evening!

'P. W. B.'

'P. S.—I must add a postscript to my letter which, after so much lightsome jocundity, may have the appearance of a tragedy after a farce; but I am 'impressed' to write it, as the spiritual rappers say. It was a beautiful summer day, and I had risen with the lark expecting to depart on another excursion among the 'high hills' which are a refuge for the wild goats, and among the stony rocks 'which are a refuge for the conies.' The smoke and mists on the mountains were dissolving away, and the sun rose up into a cloudless sky, while a gentle breeze, scented with the clover and new-mown hay, mitigated the ardent weather. Hearing the sound of wheels at the gate, despatched coffee, pulled on boots, kissed wife, and walked over the lawn, 'brushing with hasty steps the dews away.' It was with a sober visage that BAXTER gave me the reins. 'Fine day, beautiful day!' 'Yes: that's a dreadful affair, is it not?' 'What?' 'Have you not heard it?' 'No.' 'The steam-boat HENRY CLAY was burned last evening a few miles below, and nearly a hundred have perished!' The excursion about to be made was one of business and of duty, as well as of enjoyment, but on the instant methought that the unsullied sky became darkened, and the fresh air almost stifling. All idea of pleasure vanished, and amid the wildest and most romantic scenes I passed along in apathy and gloom. How true, said I, is that sentence which has clung to my recollection so many years in the school-boy 'composition' of my friend RICHARDS: 'There is many a bright and pleasant morning, which turns to be a dark and dismal day.' Beautifully the yestern sun arose and sank behind the hills which line the banks of glorious Hudson; but those hills, in one part at least, will become a funeral monument, and the valley where their shadows fall will be the valley of the shadow of death.

'In vain then did I wander among the waterfalls and rocks; in vain meet with friends in that house in the grove, and look over the varied landscape from the piazzas; in vain sit down to the pleasant dinner and listen to the festive remark. I kept longing for the night to draw on, though it should come with added gloom. Drove on for a few miles; then, passing through a handsome lawn, drew up at the ancient house of a new friend. Here I looked at curiosities from beyond seas; admired many varieties of birds in cages; conversed for a few moments on indifferent topics; then snatching a damp newspaper from the table, passed out on the piazza to read and learn. In what respect did this calamity concern me? Who among my friends were involved in the catastrophe? I was indeed afraid to read; yet in proportion to my fear made haste with the utmost rapidity of the eye to imbibe the sad knowledge. In a promiscuous crowd of five hundred is there not always some one who, by some bond, or relationship, or sympathy, is known to you? So intricately and so inextricably is the great family of man united and interwoven: and this very suggestion, if I yielded, would start me on a new train of reflection.

'Soon indeed did my eyes become acquainted with news which made them blurred with tears, and showed that my gloomy presentiment was not unfounded.

Earliest on the list was one of the noblest and sweetest of women. Several years had elapsed since I had seen her in the midst of her family, crowned with Christian graces. Divorced cruelly from her husband in the midst of the watery and fiery flood, she left him alone on that lovely shore, with the sole remaining duty of rescuing her body for burial. Then, passing down the dark catalogue, came the name of another lovely woman, only once seen, but never to be forgotten. It was but yesterday—it *seems* but yesterday; it was last week—that I stood by her as she conversed with gayest animation, in all the charms of youth and flashing beauty. Next followed the name of the beloved wife of my classmate and college friend. And there, in the brightness of a summer's day, and in the loveliest part of the romantic river, sank down amid the drowning throng the form of one who had embellished all its banks, and while the river rolls his memory will never be forgotten. Had he lived a little longer, he would have made the Hudson a river Rhine, and done the little which man can, where God has done so much. Ye who have so lately sat at his hospitable board, walked among his walks, and enjoyed the flowers of his garden, bear witness to the taste and virtues of his pure soul. For he was one whom SHENSTONE would have chosen for his friend, and every man of taste would have loved and admired.

'It was at the foot of my friend's place of residence that this calamity occurred. Thither I hastened, and became acquainted with many incidents and circumstances too painful to be dwelt upon, and too sacred to be touched. Of much that has been recorded, *more* will never be known, for it would be utterly impossible to concentrate in whole volumes the agonies experienced in a few brief minutes. There did I wander down the bank along the melancholy shore, only in time to see the vestiges of a ruin which will soon pass away, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack behind. There I beheld the little tearful groups, their faces already draped in crape; the watching and waiting mourners; women wringing their hands in grief; the ready coffins under that little shed which seemed to have been prepared for the occasion.

'There I could not help noticing the remnants which the waves had thrown up: the tidy bonnet, under which shone perhaps a beautiful and happy face, all battered and trampled in the sand; bits of charred ribbon, and women's dresses; the novel so lately read, (with its leaf turned down just at the very point where its fictitious catastrophe became merged and mingled in the real, and the edges irregularly burned;) the hairy scalp drawn up and exposed to the curious crowd. And there lay the blackened ribs of the vessel, high up on the solid bank, into which it had ploughed deeply, like a plough-share in a field. The gigantic machine, called a derrick, with its complication of screws and lever, was hard at work, groaning and creaking, as if the wood and iron could feel a throe, drawing up large bars and contorted bits of iron, and lastly the hulk itself: but the latter had been deprived of dead bodies. Some had been already sought for and recovered, like lost treasures; others floated down the river, completed their journey to the great city, came up at the wharves; and others will never be heard from until the sea shall give up its dead. Nothing remained but lumps of gold, and silver, and copper, melted together, which must pass through the mint and be again coined. When they come out bright and polished from the refiner's furnace, and, newly stamped, are given up as the price of another excursion of pleasure, who will know the fiery ordeal through which they have passed, or for what dear lives they have paid? There, too, I must not forget to mention, it was that I patted on the head the noble dog who did *his* share in the rescue.

'Passing back to my friend's house, which had been so lately a hospital, where the oil, and wine, and garments, were not dealt sparingly; where all of man's energy and of woman's tenderness which could be rendered *were* rendered with might and main; I sat down and looked upon the lovely landscape, and again listened to the unexhausted narrative with tears.

'Calamities of this kind at the first appear inscrutable, and are the only things which stagger the faith of some in the mercy and good providence of God. But on farther reflection, all appears plain. With respect to those who have been lost, the question is, whether if they had died in their beds the result would have been attended with less physical pain to themselves, or with less protracted anguish to their friends. Not that we would have them die in such a way, but we would seek for and discover some germ of good involved in so much bitterness. Great catastrophes, no doubt, serve to bring out and to develop the kindest affections in hearts where they would have lain dormant for ever. There are some whose instinctive and intuitive prompting is benevolent, while others would never engage in any noble act until by some compulsion they had been made to know and to taste the luxury of doing it. After that, their natures become changed, the selfishness inextricated into their very cores rooted out, and they preclude an amount of evil for the future compared with which the suffering of which they were spectators is a mere nothing.

'Thoughts of this kind merely suggest a multitude of others: and I little thought that, having begun this letter in so buoyant a mood, it would end so gloomily; but as my old school-mate has well expressed it: 'There is many a bright and pleasant morning which turns to be a dark and dismal day.'

NIEBUHR'S LECTURES ON ANCIENT HISTORY. — The enterprising and popular publishers of these three well-executed volumes have done the American public a good service in transplanting into our soil the lectures which they contain. They are of the highest interest and value; embracing, as they do, the history of the ancient world, with the exception of that of Rome, down to the time when all the other nations and states of classical antiquity were absorbed by the empire of Rome, and when its history became, 'in point of fact,' the history of the world. The lectures are the rich out-pourings of vast stores of historical knowledge, colored in each particular case with the feelings which at the moment influenced and actuated the lecturer. He speaks and moves on without restraint; hypotheses, which are not yet matured into convictions, are freely expressed; opinions upon persons and things are set forth much more strongly and unreservedly than would be admissible in a deliberately-composed treatise. We here catch a glimpse of the working of the great mind of the historian, which imparts to his narrative a degree of freshness and suggestiveness that will compensate for a more calm and sober exposition. The familiarity of the lecturer with the literatures of all nations, his profound knowledge of all political and human affairs, derived not only from books, but from actual practical life, and his great powers of combination, present to the reader of these lectures such an abundance of new ideas, startling conceptions and opinions, as are rarely to be met with in any other work. They possess the one great and indisputable merit of being extremely *suggestive*, and of urging the student on to farther and independent inquiries. BLANCHARD AND LEA, Philadelphia.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We derive the following from an entirely responsible source. We know the writer well; and certainly, a less credulous person we never encountered. He writes: 'What I tell you about *'The Spirits'* is true to the letter; and yet I cannot discover how the deuce it is managed. A friend of mine is boarding in the affected house, and although he was at first very indignant at what he affirmed to be 'a trick,' he now declares that he has 'seen it all,' and attests the truth of the statements that I have given you.' As to the involuntary moving of furniture, chairs, etc., the phenomenon is not a new one. WASHINGTON IRVING long ago described a similar scene, wherein the shovel and tongs engaged in a waltz, and an old arm-chair sidled up to a little chair with a hole in its bottom, and led it out upon the floor, upon which other pieces of furniture had by this time taken their stand, for a general dance:

'Down in New-Jersey, August 5, 1852.

'DEAR KNICK.: You are doubtless aware that the good people of New-Jersey are opposed to all monopolies not connected with rail-roads, and particularly to monopolies in other states. This, or some other cogent reason, has given us the benefit of *a Branch Spiritual Rapping Society*, not inferior in any way to the notable efforts of the defuncts of your state.

'At a farm-house about two miles below Newark, on the old Elizabethtown road, resides a quiet, order-loving family, not a member of which would ever have ventured, knowingly, to call up spirits from the deep, or even down from the respectable celestial meeting at which Doctor FRANKLIN presided, as I perceive by the last KNICKERBOCKER. But still the spirits came, and they have been rapping to some purpose, I assure you. These are civil and considerate spirits, however, for they do not disturb the good people at night. No rappings are heard after eight o'clock in the evening; but at any and many hours during the day the significant three raps are heard, and so loudly that neighbors residing on the opposite side of the road, more than one hundred feet distant, can hear them distinctly. Like the rappers of Gotham, these spirits answer questions with two raps for a negative, and three for an affirmative reply. The family are much alarmed, and most anxious to have their departed friends conduct themselves more quietly for the future. Will you inquire of our excellent friend 'the JUDGE,' or some other 'medium,' how the defuncts may be induced to discontinue this annoyance?

'If the rappings were all, one might get accustomed to the noise, as those really do who reside next door to a copper-smith's shop, where steam-boilers are riveted: but in addition to the rapping manifestations, the very furniture performs unheard-of gyrations, and which could not be performed by human agency. In the presence of the inmates of the house, and of visitors, chairs will pirouette about the room, pass over tables, etc. Day before yesterday, a large dining-table reversed its position, and broke one of its leaves, without leave of its owner. A mutual acquaintance of yours and mine assures me that while he was watching for these phenomena, a number of things came from a shed outside the building and passed into the room unaided by human art. He *saw* them, and so did many others. A chair rose up, turned around three times, and then quietly arranged itself properly on the floor again. Fortunately no one was sitting on the chair at the time, and it has behaved with perfect propriety ever since. A few days ago, an old demijohn, which has stood for years quietly in a closet, seemed to awake to a consciousness of what it had done for others in former years, and came forth into the room unassisted, and strolled about in a most miraculous manner. All means seem to have been taken to solve all this, but up to this time without effect. The evidences of the truth of the above are too numerous and too respectable to be contradicted: and to this very hour similar occurrences are taking place. Furniture passes occasionally from one room to another, and in one instance was piled up in a pyramidal form in the centre of the room!

'The age of wonders certainly seems to be about to 'sortie' from the hiding-places of the last eighteen hundred years, and to surprise us with new manifestations. What in the world is to be done? Are we of New-Jersey to be annoyed by the spirits of departed New-Yorkers, in addition to the living bipeds who cross our State? Tell our friend 'the JUDGE' that if he does not stop the spirits from coming this way, we shall tax them, like rail-road passengers. We can *do* it here, for if a tax is once levied by law, New-Jersey is the place to have it collected! We have tax-gatherers born in Connecticut and brought up in New-Jersey, who can find the edge of a thinly-spread-out adjective, and collect their fees from it.

'I will keep you informed of the doings of these spirits: meanwhile, I must most sincerely hope that 'the Judge' will for the future issue his '*ne exeat*' and keep them at home, or else, as you used to say, 'carry 'em up on a sasherarer!'

SPEAKING of 'spirits:' we have a most remarkable evidence that they 'are about,' from this singular fact: The very day that the celestial communication in our last number was 'laid on the table' in the sanctum, our friend and correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN,' had a document very similar laid upon *his* table, and which he afterward laid upon ours. It seems that 'in spirit' he was seated in a wood, upon a mossy stone, when there were suddenly introduced into his presence, 'without regard to unity of time, rank, or person,' JUDAS ISCARIOT, Cardinal WOLSEY, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the traitor ARNOLD, NAPOLEON, JOE SMITH, and THE DEVIL! A sketch of what these spiritual worthies said and did, on that occasion, has been carefully preserved, and when published will 'astonish the natives.' - - - A FRIEND has undertaken to parody the beautiful lines by Mr. WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND, in our April number, '*The Valley where the Village Lies*,' but has not 'made much of a fist' at hitting the original. Take the first stanza, 'frinstans,' as YELLOWPLUSH would say:

'THE hay-mow where the tom-cat lies
In furry beauty, lone and still,
Is shaded now; the day-light dies,
And mousing dreams his noddle fill!'

'Meaöw!' 'Git öüt!' 'Scat!' - - - It was something, we thought, to stand on the top of one of the higher Alps, and see the shadow of a total eclipse of the sun march majestically over the empires spread out below, blotting out, as with inky blackness, the fair fields of Italy; but almost equally sublime scenes must have been beheld by an English traveller who recently made the ascent of Mont Blanc, the 'Monarch of Mountains.' He is at the foot of the 'Dome Gouté,' an 'awful elevation,' terminating at the base of the last pinnacle, 'the monarch's hoary crown,' when the following phenomenon was witnessed:

'WHILE we waited for the sun, the scenes were of ghastly grandeur. Leagues above us the summit and the Dome de Gouté were tipped with the moon, and stood out like comets in the black sky, while behind, on the opposite side of the valley of Chamouni, namely, on the range of Brevent, the whole of Mont Blanc's shadow in the moon-light was reflected. No pictorial effort could convey the solemn majesty of this scene. When the sun began to rise in deep red over the wall of mountains, the scene was still more grand: the precipitous cliffs of the Géant, bearing up the fortresses of ice, cut the golden sky with their black edges, and while on one side scarcely any light appeared in the sky, the other was in hard relief against its brilliancy. The Dome de Gouté, now opposite the sun, was a mass of gorgeous violet color, which, being reflected on the prominences of emerald-green ice on the plain before us, gave a variety and peculiarity that, if correctly described, would sound like a magic illusion: it seemed like walking on a huge prism.'

As the traveller ascended the last pinnacle, the guides before him were cutting with pole-axes steps in the firmest and clearest ice; pale-green blocks of which went rattling down with a noise like loose tiles from the top of a house-roof. They all at length reached the summit, where they remained some two hours. The top extends nearly seventy yards, running east and west, the west end being some five yards higher than the east. The view was magnificent—sublime! 'The Bernese Oberland appeared like a mass of mountains packed in clouds: their peaks rose from the clouds, which seemed to fill the villages. Monte Rosa and the Wetterhorn appeared beyond, and on that side no real horizon appeared! To the south the Genoese mountains, and over them a long, purple mist, whether the Mediterranean or not, was uncertain. Toward Lyons the clouds were low, and nothing was seen but the line of Jura stretched far away, and beyond it the Côte d'Or. Not a vapor obstructed the glare of the sun above us. We were looking, as it were, at many contemporaneous days! Our own day was fine, but at Lyons,

as in the valleys of the Oberland, it was otherwise. Beyond Mount Jura the horizon seemed like a sea of faint blue. The Lake of Geneva was distinctly seen.' Think of looking down from an eminence upon *the weather*! It is a fine thing, we have often thought, to know every day by telegraph what the weather is in various parts of our country; but to look down upon it in all its varieties, from the top of a towering Alp, must be a sublimity beyond the 'lightning of the wires!' - - - A work that was much needed, and which will supply an important desideratum in this country, is a very large imperial quarto, beautifully printed upon Bristol-board, entitled '*Upjohn's Rural Architecture*,' just issued from the popular press of 'PUTNAM, G. P.,' Park-place. It contains carefully-drawn and engraved designs, working-drawings, and specifications, for a wooden church, and other rural structures, by Mr. RICHARD UPJOHN, architect of Trinity Church, and other churches in this city and elsewhere, to say nothing of numerous public edifices and private mansions, upon which his taste and genius are stamped. We doubt not that the work will be widely instrumental in substituting, at a cost surprisingly small, a pure and graceful style of church and domestic rural architecture, for the '*Ironie*' style of the many 'meetin'-houses' and ambitious private residences that so frequently disfigure our beautiful country villages and pleasant landscapes. - - - We regret to learn the recent death, by the painful disorder, *Angina Pectoris*, of Captain CHARLES MAPES, brother of Professor JAMES J. MAPES, now of New-Jersey. We knew Captain MAPES well, nor were our readers altogether ignorant of him, as several communications from his pen formerly appeared in these pages. He was at one time the Government Agent, sent with full powers to treat with the South-Western Indians, and he was actually elected a chief of the Choctaw nation. He was afterward appointed a paymaster in the United States' Army, which responsible position he occupied during the entire period of the Florida War. He was also appointed, by the local authorities of Florida, Pay-Master General of that State. During the war of 1812 he commenced his military career as aid-de-camp to his father, and afterward in 'the line' as lieutenant. He was a man of real but unassuming worth, and his talents were of no common order. He leaves a widow and two sons; one of whom is an engineer in the United States' Navy, and the other a civil engineer, at present engaged in building an extensive wire-bridge at St. Johns, New-Brunswick. His eldest son was also an engineer in the navy. He studied under Professor MAPES, his uncle, and died in Mexico during the late war. His death, if we remember rightly, was mentioned at the time in these pages. Captain MAPES died at Peekskill on the twenty-ninth of July, at the age of fifty-five years. For four days previous to his decease he was unable to lie down, but stood up in great agony, leaning his head upon his arm, placed against the wall. We offer to his afflicted family our sincere condolence with them in their great bereavement. - - - A CLEVER correspondent argues very ingeniously to prove that '*The Earth is an Animal*,' and he thinks 'it will go nigh to be thought so, shortly.' Some of his 'arguments' in favor of this conclusion are amusing. For example: 'What have we, then, as regards the EARTH? A mass of water, enveloped in a crust of rock—a big baby in its swaddling-clothes. Volcanic agencies; rains, fits, convulsions, deluges of tears. Can't we trace it up, all the way from its birth? If the EARTH were not alive, how could it furnish life to so many myriads of existences, of so many myriad kinds? The mother's breast, unless warmed by life, could no longer furnish nutriment to the infant: how then could the EARTH, unless it were alive? Answer us *that*, 'my masters!' A

second argument is, that the EARTH is a huge feeder, a great drinker, and that it is very often sick. It over-loads its stomach with wilted vegetables every autumn, and has either chills or fevers the whole year round. Moreover, it is its own cook; the game is often too 'high,' and half the time the fire plays the deuce in the culinary department; so that every thing is either under-done or over-done, at different seasons. The third argument is a very strong one. The EARTH is 'fond of dress;' choosing, now the gayest colors, now a subdued wardrobe, and again contenting itself with a plain white mantle: but it has an entire new wardrobe every year, even to the smallest under-garment. The EARTH is its own tailor as well as its own cook. It is fond of amusements, too; has its operas, with magnificent scenery, and performances of the first order of excellence: 'Doubtless the songs of those bright spheres that so bedeck the sky may be heard by the EARTH, if it choose but listen: indeed, EARTH herself may be a performer in the same opera, and shine forth every night, a prima-donna in the scene. How delightful! No execrable murdering of time; no fiddles; no crowding and jamming; no hot, suffocating rooms; no getting on fire; no 'hi-hi's,' no peanuts; and above all, nothing to pay at the door. There is no door!' But listen to the conclusion: for not long in a light vein can he continue, who speaks of the visible handiwork of the ALMIGHTY:

'If what we can see be so sublimely beautiful, what tongue shall dare to speak of that mighty song which shall be heard when all the sons of God shall shout together for joy, and the voices that go through the sky shall call from star unto star! And when the beautifully-tinted curtain in the west—a new one every night, often most gorgeously painted, and beautiful beyond the power of words—is drawn aside, how quiet the scene; how solemnly it all proceeds—how brighter than the loveliest dream that ever visited a poet's slumbers!

'Ah! it is such a scene as this that whispers to the heart, in tones too clear and strong to be unheard, the name of HIM who framed it thus beautiful and holy! And not it alone, but worlds on worlds; farther than eye can reach—farther than human thought can go: there, too, in all their excelling beauty, are the beautiful creations of the living and omnipresent God. No work of His, from the smallest insect to the burning suns that roll about His throne, but bears His name! He has traced it in the sky with His finger, and the planets have fallen into order, to blazon it forth: the humblest bird that warbles in the grove, sings from its happy heart His name. And the EARTH has but one voice: it speaks of God! All her multiform phases of wondrous and surpassing beauty take one shape—showing of God. She is as a HAND, flung into space, pointing always with extended finger to HIM who 'commands the Morning, and causes the Day-spring to know his place!'

THEY have got out west, if we may judge from a colored 'fugitive poem' in one of our exchanges, a second PANCKO. One stanza of this 'effusium,' as GEORGE CHRISTIE would call it, will probably 'satisfy the sentiment:'

'OPPRESSION bears rule ob de day,
And de bruck man in sorrow he groan,
Kos de men who be made ob w'ite clay
Hab gizzard nigh hard as a stone:

'Dey say dat de nigger no brains
In his head neber hab all de w'ile,
And dat bright lamp ob genius no burn,
Kos de w'ite man use up all de ile!'

WE present the following brief reflections upon '*Monuments in the United States*,' without giving in our adhesion to the positions assumed by the writer, an eminent and learned *savant* of this city. Who, for example, or what true American, would not rejoice to see the national monument to the 'FATHER of his Country' completed at Washington? 'Let it rise,' we say, in the sublime and beautiful language of the great WEBSTER: 'let it rise, till it meet the Sun in his coming! Let the earliest light of the Morning gild it, and parting Day linger

and 'play on its summit!' But to our correspondent: 'This Republic has often been reproached because it has not built monuments to its great men. The subject of a monument to WASHINGTON was earnestly considered a generation ago. The common-place arguments in favor of it, such as the 'custom of former ages,' and the 'holding before mankind a visible memorial of the exemplary worth of the great departed,' were met by such men as SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, of Congress, and others, by reminding us that the age of monuments passed away when the age of printing commenced, and that even before types were used, pens recorded such men as PLATO, ARISTOTLE, ALEXANDER, CATO, SENECA, AUGUSTUS, HOMER, VIRGIL, HORACE, etc., etc., in such clear and distinct terms as to infinitely surpass all monuments, temples, statues, and the like. The Anabasis of XENOPHON excels in this all the sculpture in the world — those on the walls of Nineveh or those on the Parthenon. We had the names of the kings of Egypt while we could not even read the hieroglyphs on the pyramids. Where are the monuments to MOSES and the PROPHETS? Where that to ADAM? Where is one wanted to ABRAHAM, ISAAC, and JACOB? Who wants that of JOB, of ISAIAH, or JEREMIAH? Letters first written and then printed have preserved all; and we realize the prophetic verse of HORACE as to his own fame: 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius.' - - - We had just got well under way with HAWTHORNE'S '*Blithedale Romance*,' having become deeply interested in ZENOBIA, PRISCILLA, and a fine original male creation which the book contains, and almost equally interested by the peculiar fascination of the style of the work, when it was loaned 'for a day or so,' and is at this moment — two weeks having elapsed — leagues away in 'the ked'ntry.' Hence we view the great necessity there is of returning new books awaiting notice at the hands of the EDITOR; and are taught, in the second and last place, of the still greater folly of permitting them to be taken away before they are noticed. In the meanwhile, '*Blithedale*' has secured thousands of readers, and is fast securing thousands more. As to its merits, in comparison with the '*Scarlet Letter*' and the '*House of the Seven Gables*,' opinions are various 'generally, in general.' - - - EXTRACT from an epistle to the EDITOR, from a friend 'summerizing' at one of the many lovely coves that indent the northern shore of breezy Long-Island Sound: 'I must write you from a spot, now sacred to the memory of a mutual friend who has lately become insane on the subject of Shanghai hens. My '*apartments*' is small,' consisting only of a single room, whilome inhabited by our aforesaid insane friend. From one of my windows I can enjoy a fine view of a potato-field, while the other commands a delicious prospect of a well-house and fowl-yard. But the breezes are delicious, and fish, clams and periwinkles may be had in abundance. As MRS. NEPPINS very truly remarks of the place: 'It is awful wholesome with respect to the breezes, and dreadful privileged on acceöunt of the clams.' Venturing the other day to ask her how she made certain fine sausages, she rather electrified me by turning rapidly upon me, and beginning: 'Take your *in'ards*, scald 'em, scrape 'em, and stuff 'em!' I changed the subject. She says she can't eat them herself, in consequence of the '*assiduity*' of her stummick!' She has a son, named CONKLIN NEPPINS, who is a poet, and who recently produced the following 'pome:'

'I WILL sing you a song as I have heerd tell,
About a naxident which there befel:
It was a rale-rode axident, as I have heerd relate,
Which happened into old North-Caroliny State.

'The rale-rode was coming from the village of Seringapatam,
Which the engneer was intoxicated, saying 'He did not care a d — n!'
Which caused many innocent persons for to die,
On account of his tremenjous blasphemy:

'Likewise his profane swearing which he wickedly cursed,¹
Which the 'evins permitted that his bile-ye'r buss.
JOHN WILLIAMS of Newtown was hurt into his chin,
And MARTHY and SUSAN RICKETS was also vic-tims;
And THOMAS PHELPS, he died upon the spot,
As the engineer reported when he on their body sot.

'Now all you engineers do not ever cuss,
Likewise get intoxicated, in case your bile-ye'r buss!'

Could'n't you recommend the widow NEPPINS's son to the place of laureate on the death of the present 'incumbrance?' - - - 'The Battle of Bunker Hill,' in one of your recent numbers, writes a favorite and most accomplished correspondent, 'will be found to contain more legitimate Saxon words than almost any poem in the language. There are scarcely any words in any line of it which are not pure and unadulterated Saxon. When you come to analyze it, the effect of it may be very much traced to this. At any rate, it is a very material element in it. The author has great versatility of talent, and is a very accomplished writer, both in prose and in verse. His '*Babylonish Ditty*' is exceedingly sweet and musical; one of those compositions which keep constantly ringing on the ear, and refuse to be forgotten. Will he not attempt something more extensive before long! He will certainly obtain a hearing; and probability surely 'favors the conclusion' that he would be successful. Let the effort be made! A vermilion edict!' - - - Ah, ha!—*now* you've got it—you married folk! There is a writer after you with an exceedingly 'sharp stick,' labelled; '*Single Blessedness, or Single Ladies and Gentlemen against the Slanders of the Pulpit, the Press, and the Lecture-Room.*' It is addressed to 'those who are really wise, and to those who fancy themselves to be so.' 'We single ladies and gentlemen,' says the author in the 'Introduction,' 'know our strength. For eight or ten years there has been a loud call for some answer or reply to the slanders that have been heaped upon us from time immemorial.' Well, we have read the answer, and must say that, assuming all the writer's positions as sound, a very strong case is made out in favor of old maids and old bachelors. The style of the book is nervous and forcible; and from the very nature of its subject, it will acquire numerous readers. C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY are the publishers. - - - For transposition, inversion, and alliteration, the old epitaph on the Earl of KILDARE, in Ireland, is very remarkable:

'WHO killed KILDARE?—who dared KILDARE to kill?
DEATH killed KILDARE, who dare kill whom he will!'

WE have just been looking carefully over '*A Practical Grammar of the English Language*,' by NOBLE BUTLER, Esq., A.M., of Louisville, Kentucky. It has impressed us as a very excellent work, simple and clear in arrangement, and every way thorough in its inculcations. Its tables for analyzing sentences, and exercises for correcting false grammar, are very valuable features of the work, and must add greatly to the progress of the learner. Mr. BUTLER, who is an accomplished scholar, has yet not lost sight of that great principle of DRYDEN, that 'it needs all we know to make things plain.' - - - WE heard a boast of a peculiar American accomplishment the other day, that would have made even our most energetic of tobacco-abolitionists laugh outright: 'I had n't smoked a single cigar a year ago, and now I can spit as straight as any smoker in New-York, I don't care *who* he is!' Not unlike the brag of a big 'Wolverine' one day at the Astor-House. He was looking and 'practising' at one of the half-bushel spittoons in the gentlemen's sitting-room of that vast caravansera, with an evident *gout*: '*That now*,' said he, 'is something *like* an 'oon.' I've got *six* o' them in

my house!' Pleasant house to visit, that! - - - Our friend Mr. VALENTINE, Clerk of the Common Council, has recently issued his '*Manual of the Corporation of the City of New-York, for 1852*;' a work full of the most valuable information, clearly and conveniently arranged, and embracing a hundred things necessary for reference, that cannot elsewhere be obtained. In a word, it is a complete *Picture of New-York, Past and Present*. It is liberally illustrated with clearly-cut engravings, of interest to every New-Yorker. Our friend PUTNAM, at his new and elegant establishment, Number Ten Park-place, is the present publisher. - - - THE following poem is from the pen of the 'sweet Poetess of Mackerelville.' The lines were written in haste, and the authoress readily acknowledges her indebtedness to other authors for minor parts of the poem. Her intention was to contrast in alternate stanzas that which is essentially unpoetical with the higher elements of beautiful thought:

'On a schooner's deck one morning in fall,
Watching the wave-crests curl,
There stood a youth, raw-boned and tall,
By the side of a skin-flint girl.

'They had journeyed far, from a distant isle,
A land of the true and the brave,
To seek a dear spot, where the sun's last smile
Rested long on a mother's grave.

'But weary weeks on the salt, salt sea,
The heavy old schooner had rolled;
And gone were their stores of coffee and tea,
All, but the water so cold.

'At length they spied a rocky shore,
Where the waves ran mountain high;
The captain stamped, and the cook he swore,
And the raw-boned youth his shirt he tore,
While the skin-flint tried to cry.

'It is a dread and a fearful thing
To die on the raging wave;
To be conquered there by the skeleton KING,
And sink to an ocean-grave.

'But I saw them perish, one and all;
And last 'neath the wild wave's curl,
There sank a youth, raw-boned and tall,
In the arms of a skin-flint girl.'

We mentioned in our last number the name of the writer of '*The Old Garret*,' a graphic country picture, previously given. Here ensues a single passage from another exercitation, from the same pen, '*The Press against Time*,' which is scarcely less felicitous. The writer is enlarging upon the reflection that 'the foot-prints of Thought can be made visible upon the snowy page; that they may be traced and re-traced, when the THINKER himself is dead, and all save the 'enduring produce' of his immortal mind is but a dream:'

'THE thought which one has cherished in his bosom, until it bears his own mental image, is stamped upon the wing of the newspaper, or the page of the magazine, as it flutters from the press, and that thought finds access and hearing, where the man himself cannot venture. Perhaps he is awkward, deformed, a stammerer, and a subject of ridicule; perhaps his garb is coarse and well-worn: but there stands his THOUGHT, in the drawing-room, the hall; representative of the better part of him; graceful, elegant, arrayed in rich old Saxon; welcomed, listened to, admired every where. Perhaps he has never gone beyond the blue verge of vision, whereof his cradle was the centre; but that THOUGHT of his has been borne along Earth's great rivers, on panting steamers, and over God's great clearings by Locomotives! Even the lightnings have forgotten their thunders, and whispered the accent of his thought, as they flickered along the wire, from mart to hamlet, and from hamlet to mart again. Perhaps he dies, and the swelling turf subsides above him like a weary wave, leaving no trace of his resting-place; but that THOUGHT lives on. The paper is old and torn; it wears the yellow livery of Time. TIME has made it his mental: but *some* eye shall see it when he is dead; some memory treasure, and some mind admire. Like the bird that went forth from the ark, it is returnless; the music of its wing is heard, when the knell for the palsied hand that sent it out has died upon the air. It is immortal. Perhaps it

'Suffers a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.'

some nobler mind has divested it of its first array, and clothed it in cloth of gold; and, transfigured and glorified, it still survives, but it is the same THOUGHT still. Mighty engine is the Press against TIME. The rattle of its machinery seems to me but the first foot-fall of Thought, on the sublime out-going into the world.'

'*The Onward Age*' is the title of an anniversary poem recited before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, on its recent eighteenth anniversary, by T. BUCHANAN READ. We have read it with no common pleasure. In measure it is flowing and musical, and the thoughts and their treatment are alike

natural and poetical. We know none of our younger poets who have made a more distinct and rapid improvement, over earlier productions, than our artist-poet READ. - - - Mr. PACKENHAM, late British Minister at Washington, was one day dining at the residence of Hon. Senator BARROW, of Louisiana. Before dinner, and in the temporary absence of his host from the room, HER MAJESTY'S ambassador was accosted by an old gray-headed colored man, who was in the apartment, 'putting things to rights,' with: 'Massa, is you' name PACKINGUM?' 'Yes,' said the minister. 'Was dat your brudder dat was killed at Orleans in de great battle dar?' 'He was,' replied the ambassador. 'Well, dere!—somehow or nudder I *l'ought* so! I was dar myse'f. I seen him popped ober wid my own eyes. Great fight dat, massa!' While at dinner, Mr. PACKENHAM said to Mr. BARROW, 'Your man tells me, Sir, that he was at the battle of New-Orleans.' 'He was,' said Mr. BARROW, 'and acquitted himself manfully in that engagement;' but at the same time he 'looked daggers' at the old 'seneschal' for having broached such a subject in presence of his guest. 'He tells me, too,' continued Mr. PACKENHAM, 'that he saw my brother fall.' The frown upon the host's face grew darker, and the subject was adroitly changed. The next day 'SAM' came in to Mr. BARROW with a note: 'Massa, dere's a note, and dey say dat it's for *me*! E'yah! e'yah!' And sure enough, it *was* for him: moreover, it was an invitation to dine the next day with Mr. PACKENHAM, which he did, and was listened to with intense interest while he rehearsed the events of the great battle, 'all of which he saw, and part of which he was.' - - - The grace asked 'per son,' in the absence of the father, at breakfast, let us say to our Milton (Vermont) correspondent, would be good if *written*, instead of being *said*: but as it *was* said, 'probability does *not* favor the conclusion.' - - - A WELCOME correspondent in Pennsylvania sends us the following specimen of cool audacity in a criminal. It is the great height of his impudence that makes the story so 'tall:' 'Judge K——, (a very worthy and excellent judge by the way,) while holding a term of the criminal court at ——, in this state, had before him on trial a slippery gentleman, charged with the offence of passing counterfeit money. After a long and tedious trial, the jury returned a verdict of 'Not Guilty, but that defendant pay the costs of prosecution; as they may do, under the peculiar statute of Pennsylvania. The prisoner had been tried and acquitted several times before for a like offence, leaving upon the court each time an ineffaceable conviction that he was guilty. The court very dignifiedly commanded him to stand up, and pronounced sentence in accordance with the verdict, and then said: 'The court take this occasion to say to you that you had not better be again arrested and on trial in any of the counties composing the district over which we have the honor to preside.' The prisoner, with that coolness and impudence which can only be imagined, not described, looked at the court, and said: 'Will your honor have the kindness to inform me what counties *compose* your judicial district?' - - - Mr. MARSHALL WOOD, a brother of Mr. WOOD, the sculptor, now at Rome, has executed several medallion likenesses of eminent men, both in this country and in Europe, and is now in New-York on a professional visit. We have seen a head of DE QUINCEY, the opium-eater, executed by him from life, full of character and spirit. He has also modelled a head of LONGFELLOW. Several medallion likenesses of other well-known persons in Boston have been taken by him, and a few in New-York, including one of BRYANT, and another of 'Old KNICK,' the execution of which does him great credit. Mr. WOOD's studio is at Number 68 West Twentieth-street. - - - An esteemed friend and always welcome correspondent at West-Point sends us the following, which he says is '*vero e ben trovato*:' 'Poor old SAMBO was very pious; and as

he became well stricken in years, and looked upon the world and its surroundings as vanity and vexation of spirit, he flattered himself into the belief that he was willing and anxious to die — unnatural, certainly; but we have the word of a philosopher, that 'Imagination breedeth strange fantasies.' So he used to sit in his log-hut, after his day's 'task' was over, alone, with a tallow-candle flickering upon the ground-floor; and so he used to work himself into his favorite belief. First he sung a hymn, and edified himself with the anticipation that he should

'WALK down the golden street
With silver slippers on his feet:'

and then rocking himself backward and forward, his eyes closed, and his mouth open, he would ejaculate 'and repeat:' 'Wheneber de angel ob de LORD shall call, poor old SAMBO is ready to go!' Now this became commonly known among the younger darkies upon the plantation, who had a grudge against old SAM because he was 'a terror to evil-doers:' accordingly, one night a negro wag crept to the door of the hut and waited for old SAM to begin. First came the hymn, and at length, with a sigh and a groan, he began to sway his body, and out it came: 'Wheneber de angel ob de LORD shall call, poor old SAMBO is ready to go.' 'Tap, tap, tap!' upon the door. 'Who dar?' shouted SAM, turning his eyes until the whites alone were visible. 'De angel ob de LORD!' 'What do he want?' gasped SAMBO. 'He come for old SAMBO!' was the dreaded reply. 'Phugh!' out went the candle at one puff: 'Dar ain't no SAMBO here: he's gone dead mor'n tree weeks!' 'E'yah! e'yah! e'yah!' shouted a chorus from without. - - - 'An Invitation to the London Zoological Gardens,' by a gentleman with a slight impediment in his speech, gives the best imitation of stuttering that we have ever seen:

'I HAVE found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf-fair,
I have found where the rattle-snakes bub-bub-breed;
Will you co-co-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub-bear,
And the lions and tit-tit-tigers at fuf-fuf-feed.

'I know where the co-co-cockatoo's song
Makes mum-mum-melody through the sweet vale;
Where the mum-monkeys gig-gig-grin all the day long,
Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tit-tail.

'You shall pip-pip-play, dear, some did-did-delicate joke
With the bub-bub-bear on the tit-tit-top of his pip-pip-pip-poll;
But observe, 'tis forbidden to pip-pip-poke
At the bub-bub-bear with your pip-pip-pink pip-pip-pip-parasol!

'You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-pip-play,
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-stit-stately racoon;
And then, did-did-dear, together we'll stray
To the cage of the bub-bub-blue-faced bab-bab-bab-boon.

'You wish'd (I r-r-remember it well,
And I lul-lul-loved you the ra-m-m-more for the wish)
To witness the bub-bub-bub-beautiful pip-pip-peir-
I can swallow the l-l-l-little fuf-fuf-fish!'

It would trouble the most adroit reader, or the most accomplished elocutionist, to read aloud the foregoing, without a decided 'impediment' in his 'speech.' The very pen stammers in writing it. - - - MR. J. VOLMERING has just given the finishing touches to a very fine view of Niagara Falls. It represents this great natural wonder as seen and sketched by the artist in mid-winter. It is just the picture to look at in these hot days of summer: it cools the blood from fever-heat down to a kind and moderate temperature. It can be seen hanging

in one of the handsome cutting-rooms of Messrs. MONROE AND COMPANY's large clothing establishment, Number 441, Broadway; where, by-the-by, can also be seen many other rare and valuable paintings; among which one in particular, 'St. PETER in the Attitude of Prayer,' by one of the old masters, is a superb picture, and well worth a visit to see. Messrs. MONROE AND COMPANY, in fitting up their rooms, certainly express great confidence in the taste of their customers; and together with their large store, well filled with articles of fashionable wearing-apparel, present strong inducements to gentlemen 'who study well the outer man' to pay them a visit. - - - '*Sphinx*' *Iratus*! 'I am a mild man,' writes Professor GILBERT SPHINX, Director of a Plank-road Company, Fabulist, etc., 'but under some provocations, Sir, I am a man *ferox atque atrox*. Sir, what business had your proof-reader to fix my Latin? Does he suppose that he knows more about the Latin language than I do? Does he suppose that he, a young man, (an extremely young man, I take it,) is capable of fixing my Latin? I wrote you, Sir, three classical apologues, and prefixed to them this title, '*Paucus plus Fabulorum*;' as fair Latin, look you, as SCALIGER could have written; but what does this presumptuous commentator do but make it '*Pau-cum plus Fabu-la-rum*.' '*Pau-cum*,' forsooth! '*Fabu-la-rum*,' forsooth! Great Apollo! Now, dear Sir, mark you—and, Mr. Corrector, mark *you*, too—*my* Latin is not to be meddled with. My name is SPHINX—G. SPHINX. I teach a classical school for young gentlemen, and my Latin shall be let alone! Let me see who will dare to 'fix' that which follows. It was not my intention to have written any fables this month, but on seeing this afternoon the dastardly treatment which my Latin met with, I thought I would just see how far human presumption would go:

Unum Pluribus Fabulorum Ejusdem Generis:

OR ONE MORE FABLES OF THE SAME SORT.

'A DRAGON once entered the land of the Nobbynoodles, and began to kill the cattle and devour the inhabitants. The king of the Nobbynoodles, commiserating his despairing subjects, offered a reward of a thousand pounds to the man who would kill the dragon and bring his tail to the palace. A man of low moral standing thought to get the reward fraudulently by cutting the dragon's tail off while the monster was asleep, and afterward presenting his trophy at the palace. So he slyly entered the cave at night, and began to saw off the tail of the slumbering dragon. He had hardly buried his saw in the flesh before the monster sprang up, roaring with pain, and lunged furiously at the astonished man of low moral standing, who barely escaped from the cave with his life. 'What could it have been that waked the dragon?' said he to himself. 'Ah, I remember: I heard musketoes in the cave. It must be that a musketo buzzed in his ear. Cuss a musketo, any how!'

M O R A L .

THE moral of this fable is, that the proof-readers of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine must let my Latin alone; and a further moral is, that if they do n't, I will publish them in the appendix of my new Latin Grammar, now in press.

COMING down on the upper-deck of an Albany steamer one day, many years ago, a party of gentlemen, as the boat neared Kinderhook-Landing, were discussing the merits of MARTIN VAN BUREN. Some praised, while others condemned him; and while they were discussing the question, the boat landed, and lo! Mr. VAN BUREN himself came on board. One of the party had been dwelling upon his non-committalism; and complaining that 'a plain answer to a plain question was never yet elicited from him,' etc. 'I'll wager champagne for the company,' said he, at length, 'that one of us shall go down now, and ask Mr. VAN BUREN the simplest

question that can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. Yes; and I'll give him leave, too, to tell him *why* he asks the question, and that there is a bet depending on his reply!' This seemed fair enough, certainly, for to be forewarned was to be forearmed. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment. He found Mr. VAN BUREN, whom he knew well, in the saloon, and said to him: 'Mr. VAN BUREN, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of non-committalism; and have just laid a wager that you would n't give a plain answer to the simplest question; and they have deputed me to test the fact. Now, Mr. VAN BUREN, let me ask you, 'Where does the sun rise?' Mr. VAN BUREN's brow contracted; he hesitated a moment; and then replied: 'The terms 'east' and 'west,' Mr. —, are conventional; but I —' 'That'll do!' interrupted his interrogator: 'we've lost the bet!' - - - LET us *have* that *Preparative Meetin'*, 'W. D. W.' Sorry not to 'have saw' our correspondent when in Gotham. - - - LITTLE JOSE has just come into the sanctum with 'such a love' of a kitten! — black as a coal; its eyes probulgent; its back responsive to the slightest rub; its tail erect with emotion; and keeping up a perpetual purring. We like 'a harmless, necessary cat,' and always did. PUNCH likes a cat also, but for a different reason: 'Never go into any place,' he says, in his '*Advice to Servants*,' 'where a cat is not kept. This useful domestic animal is the true servants' friend, accounting for the disappearance of tid-bits, lumps of butter, and other odd matters, as well as being the author of all mysterious breakages. What the safety-valve is to the steam-engine, the cat is to the kitchen, preventing all explosions or blowings-up that might otherwise occur in the best regulated families.' - - - A NEW correspondent writes: 'My qualifications as a writer are many; but they *mainly* consist of these three: a willingness to pay my own postage, a legible hand, and a regard for the printer's rule, to write only on one side of the paper.' Good recommendations these, and not without their due weight in the eyes of an EDITOR. - - - OUR young friend 'Howadji' CURTIS's latest book, '*Lotus-Eating*,' beautifully illustrated by KENSER, does no less credit to the author than to his publishers, the HARPERS. We remember to have encountered a goodly portion of its contents before, in the columns of a daily journal of wide circulation. The *London Athenæum*, competent authority, says of it: 'A delightful reminiscence of summer rambles, describing some of the most attractive points of American scenery, with impressions of life at famous watering-places, and suggestive comparisons with celebrated objects of interest in Europe. Dreamy, imaginative, romantic, but reposing on a basis of the healthiest reality; tinged with the richest colors of poetry, but full of shrewd observation and mischievous humor; clothed in delicate and dainty felicities of language; the volume is what its title indicates, the reverie of a summer's pastime, and should be read in summer haunts, accompanied with the music of the sea-shore or breezy hill-sides.' - - - It is stated, on the authority of a voracious modern traveller, that there is a wind-mill on the coast of Holland which lays eggs, and breeds young ones! We commend this fact to the consideration of our 'up-river' correspondent. An egg of this breed, under a Shanghai, would enable him to 'raise the wind' from his chickens to a degree hitherto unknown in America. At any rate, as is said of all new 'improvements,' the 'experiment might be *tried*!' - - - THE friend who sends us the following is a good judge of that whereof he speaks. So also, Mr. GLASS, is 'Old KNICK': but we cannot 'pronounce' without 'giving judgment' upon the *evidence*:

'You are well aware that I was always an advocate for temperance, and although no ultraist in any thing, I am still anxious to avoid every thing like excess. I cannot approve of '*intemperate temperance*.' I would not object to 'drinking cider made of red apples on account of their

gayety,' but I would object to drunkenness, or any approximation thereto. Thus much for a 'platform.' In all countries where natural wines are the common beverage, intemperance is almost unknown; and the American wine made from the Catawba grape in Ohio gives promise to us temperance men 'who have not signed the paper,' that the more pleasing remedy of substituting light healthy wines for brandy will save the nation from intemperance. The Catawba wine surprised me, and more particularly the 'Sparkling Catawba.' It had all the aroma of the fruit, and seemed to be a condensed representative of the grape — 'a vineyard in a bottle.' It surpassed champagne in quality and flavor, and was void of incipient head-aches. On the production of this wine, my pride as an American rose to the highest pitch, and I trimmed my vineyard with renewed vigor, in anticipation of making my own wines. I have twelve hundred vines, in fine condition, with promise of yielding several tons of grapes this year. But, friend CLARK, my enthusiasm has been somewhat damped within the last week. I had heard that Mr. A. F. GLASS, proprietor of the WASHINGTON House, Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, had imported many kinds of sparkling wines, never before introduced into this country, which were superior to the 'Sparkling Catawba;' and last week I had an opportunity of tasting these wines.

'How shall I describe them? Can language be found adequate to the task? Spirit of the 'Buck-Eye State' assist me! Mr. GLASS produced many sparkling wines, and among others Burgundy, Hock, Johannisburgh, Steinburgh, Moselles, and *Scharzburgh*; each carrying the fruity flavor of the grape from which it is made, and not one head-ache in a dozen bottles. Did you ever taste the 'Muscat-of-Alexandria' grape? — and do you recollect its peculiar aroma and delicious taste? If so, you know its entire superiority to all other grapes. Well, the 'Sparkling Scharzburgh' has the character of this delicious grape just as definitely as has LONGWORTH's best wine that of the Catawba. Several persons were at the table, and from the veriest tyro to the oldest connoisseur, they all admitted that no other wine they had ever tasted could equal it. One old gentleman fairly 'squealed out' with delight.

'Mr. GLASS next gave us a bottle of Steinburgh, from his Highness the Duke of NASSAU's cabinet, the finest quality of this growth; and indeed it *was* fine, leaving all the other hocks I ever saw fairly in the back-ground. But that 'Sparkling Scharzburgh,' like MATHEWS' pigeon-pie, will ever haunt me. To make it from the Muscat-of-Alexandria grape, worth two dollars a pound, would be impracticable; and no other grape we have ever seen in this country will at all imitate it; and in fact no other place but the WASHINGTON House is suited to drink it in; for there the quiet comfort of the most genial house in Philadelphia leaves the appreciation free to enjoy the best of all known wines. Would that I were rich enough to drink this wine; would that I could write all the respect I have for its excellence; and the New-Jersey Rail-road could declare one extra dividend from the numbers who would visit Philadelphia to taste it! GLASS cannot be induced to sell it at any price. The visitors to his house alone are permitted to enjoy the rare privilege; but to them he supplies it at a moderate price. Go to Philadelphia, 'OLD KNICK,' and taste the 'Sparkling Scharzburgh' before giving the finishing touches to your forth-coming volume! No man's education can be considered as at all complete until he has tasted this wine; and I shall henceforth refuse champagne, and even drink lightly of 'Catawba,' out of sheer respect to my memory of the 'Sparkling Scharzburgh.'

THE 'Albany Register' daily journal has a graphic sketch of a 'Scene at a Steam-Boat Landing,' which is very amusing, and not at all exaggerated. Albany caps the climax in respect of 'runners' for hotels, steamers, and luggage. Six stout fellows there, once seized a small valise of ours, and bore it in triumph to our lodgings, quarrelling and fighting nearly all the way, while we, the victims, brought up the rear. . . . OUR readers will remember the Boston thief who was found with a memorandum in his pocket of the places he was to visit, and what he was to steal, or where he was to 'scrutinize and get things.' Something like this fellow was a noted robber recently sentenced to twenty years in 'the Hulks' near Zurich, for multitudinous thefts. His note-book contained the following entries:

'JULY 1. Only an empty purse; remains of the affair of 29th May. Made a fruitless expedition to SULGER's house in the village.' 'JULY 9. Made a little nocturnal round. Small result: only seven florins.' 'JULY 11. Useless work on the Gruben.' 'JULY 13. Paid a visit to the house of Madame HORNER. Got five gold florins.' 'JULY 20. Tried at Thome, in different places, but got nothing. I was even obliged to make use of my poignard.' 'JULY 21. Operated at Oberhogen, near Thome. Result: a watch, and 42f. in cash. Sold the watch for 7f. Took the diligence for Berne. Bought a pistol for 18f.' One of the entries was: 'The most difficult piece of art is to respect the eleventh commandment.' The eleventh commandment among thieves is, it appears, not to be caught!

If you wish to see the BLOOMERS, and feel any interest in the scheme of association, take the commodious steamer THOMAS HUNT, from Peck-Slip, and go to Red Bank, (N. J.) and thence by stage five miles to the '*North-American Phalanx*.' Some eight years ago, a party of gentlemen and ladies here commenced, in a small way, an experiment to show the advantages of associated labor. They have now a farm of near seven hundred acres, a great part of which is under cultivation, with comfortable dwelling-houses, etc.; and they appear perfectly satisfied with the life they have chosen. Neither our time nor our limits will permit us to speak of their plans or principles, but we would say to our citizens and strangers who have leisure, that there is not a more delightful sail of three hours in the vicinity of the metropolis than to Red Bank. You have successive views of New-York Bay, Fort Hamilton, the Narrows, Coney-Island, Sandy-Hook, the Highlands of Neversink, the Ocean House, Port Washington, etc., etc. The scenery on Shrewsbury inlet is beautiful, and to breathe the pure sea-air is a luxury to the pent-up citizen worth many times the trifle it costs. - - - 'You don't like to have the flies plague you when you are writing, father,' said 'Young KNICK,' just now, as he was trying to scribble a letter to one of his little school-mates out of town; 'but they do *some* good, father: here's a great big fellow been buzzing about, all over my paper, and he's dotted almost all my *i's*!' 'MY EYES!' exclaimed THE OWL, with an approving flap of the wings, 'what moral wisdom in one so young! That is the true way to look at the annoyances of the world. There's *something* good in almost every thing!' - - - Some very interesting letters are appearing at intervals in the Pittsburg '*Daily Dispatch*,' describing the scenes and incidents of the land-route to Oregon and California. They are fresh and vigorous, and are evidently jotted down from 'the very life.' Mr. EDWARD ALLEN, a brother of our correspondent, Mr. WILLIAM H. ALLEN, is the author of the letters in question. - - - We have received from an obliging correspondent in San Francisco the prospectus of a journal, to be published 'semi-occasionally' in the 'Golden City,' bearing the sonorous title of '*Satan's Bassoon*!' 'Principal Gas-Puffer, ALEXANDER M. KENADAY, an overloaded beast of burden, in search of his 'pile,' assisted by other 'blowers,' 'gassers,' etc. 'The Bassoon,' says the 'principal gas-puffer,' 'will be devoted to pounding and expounding the principles of day-light; elevating the human species to a sense of their inevitable destiny; and at the same time raising as much specie out of humanity as their circumstances will permit. It will prove conclusively that the 'Promised Land,' which we read about, is on the inside of the earth; the surface having been thoroughly 'prospected' without discovering it. The kernel of a nut being usually found inside the shell, and that region of the earth being assigned by common consent to His SATANIC MAJESTY, the faithful may bet high that 'there is something in it.' 'The Bassoon' will begin to toot as soon as the money can be borrowed to 'raise the wind.' The editor says it shall be returned '*after many days*!' We should rather negotiate a loan for the wag who advertises in one of our city journals: 'Wanted: Five Hundred Dollars to go on a Spree!' - - - What a *ter-re-men-jous book* is BANGS BROTHER AND COMPANY'S *Catalogue of the Fifty-sixth New-York Trade-Sale*, to take place on the sixth of September! The '*first*' catalogue, too, it seems, although it contains nearly five hundred pages! The contributions come from all parts of the Union. Authors who are 'half-calf' are down in great numbers: others strut in 'turkey:' others are full of 'gilt,' and not a few

are 'embossed.' This trade-sale will be the largest ever held in the United States. - - - WE are indebted to the courtesy of HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD for several public documents of great interest. - - - THOSE who were so unfortunate as not to be able to be present the other day at Mr. BARNUM's beautiful country-seat of 'Iranistan' lost the opportunity of having a 'good time.' We were of the number; but a friend who *was* present, speaks in glowing terms of the visit. A goodly array of editorial and other friends of the worthy proprietor proceeded thither, on a bright and beautiful morning, to examine the extensive water-works just erected on the place. They are thus described by one of the editors of '*The Tribune*' daily journal: 'The grounds of 'Iranistan' are about seventeen acres, hitherto watered by a brook which fails in the driest weather, impelling Mr. BARNUM to a resolute effort to supply the deficiency. To this end he has dug and blasted out a well of twenty feet diameter to a depth of sixty feet, and built over it a brick tower, about one hundred feet high, with an iron tank at the summit, capable of holding seven hundred hogsheds. A new and beautiful engine (which has much other work assigned it) pumps this reservoir full in three or four hours, affording an ample supply to the house, gardens, stables, etc., including a fountain before the front door, for at least a week. Henceforward, a lack of rain is not to be felt as a privation at Iranistan. Mr. BARNUM's conservatories exhibit grapes, nectarines, and peaches, fully ripe and luscious, with superb specimens of the banana, the only ones which have borne fruit in this part of the world. His gardens and grounds are unsurpassed in thrift and beauty. Long may he live to enjoy them!' - - - IN the course of an excursion the other day to Fort-Hamilton at the Narrows, while passing the spot where the revenue-cutter so mysteriously went down, we inadvertently listened to a short conversation, involving a little of that SOLOMON's wisdom one sometimes meets with on his travels. 'Pa,' said a little boy, fixing his eye on a clumsy and lubberly hulk, moored hard by, yclept '*The Zephyr*,' 'what is a Zephyr?' Before the paternal response could be given, a well-dressed, sleek young man, with nicely-trimmed whiskers, and a jaunty, low-crowned hat, and sporting a little cane, promptly replied: 'I suppose it must be some kind of a sea-animal.' Papa was not at all shaken from his gravity or his politeness by this remark, and kindly rectified the mistake. 'Blow, blow, ye winds, and crack your cheeks, and swallow navigation up!' Messrs. ZEPHYR, EURUS AND COMPANY had a hearty good laugh over this on the bay, and voted the use of their wings to carry the information that the 'schoolmaster is abroad.' - - - A FRIEND, an accomplished scholar and author, sends us the annexed note:

'I was much pleased with the *Essay on Names* published in the August number of your Magazine. But there are one or two things, (or names, which is the same thing,) in which I think the writer is mistaken. ALFRED the Great, for example, was not a man of *all peace* 'by any manner of means;' and his name has no such signification. The name was originally written *Aelfred*, and means 'elf, or fairy, in council.' The two parts of the compound are almost English words, *elf* and *rede*. See SHAKESPEARE: 'And seeks not his own *rede*.' The name, with this signification, is expressive of the character of the great man who bore it. His parents must have foreseen what he was to be.

'*Matilda* is another name, in regard to which I think the writer is mistaken. This name he says is 'from the Greek.' In my opinion, it is very *far* from the Greek. It is not 'Greek to me.' It is evidently of Teutonic origin. In the German it assumes the form *Mathilde*. *Hilda* is one part of the compound, and this is itself a proper name. In the Anglo-Saxon it means *battle*. I remember that MICHELET, speaking of GREGORY VII., says that his name, *Hildebrand*, means *son of fire*, taking *hil* as equivalent to *fire*. It has an entirely different meaning: the *brand* or *sword of battle*. The name of one of CHARLEMAGNE's queens was *Hildegard*, the signification of which is easily seen. I have no books by me for consultation, and do not know what the *Mat*

part of MATILDA means. I am inclined to think it is related to the German *magd*, 'maid.' MATILDA, then, is the *maid of battle*, not the maid who is fond of fighting, but who is worth fighting for; as in Greek, ANDROMACHE, 'the fight of men,' means one for whom men may find it worth while to fight. 'I have said my say.' —

JESSE KERSEY, one of the most eloquent 'Friends' we ever knew, would have been obliged to put his handkerchief to his mouth, while reading the following '*Hit at Rich Musical Execution.*' How many a 'spoon' have we known, whose principal claim to be considered a musician arose from the fact that he had a drum in his ear, who has bepraised and beplastered just such singers as this, until her vanity rose to four hundred degrees of FAHRENHEIT:

'ANY one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano made during the conflict. Certain it is that no one can describe them, and therefore we shall not attempt it. The battle ended, Miss JANE moved as though she would have risen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once. 'One song, my dear JANE,' said Mrs. SMALY; 'you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing, and which Madame PIGISQUEAKI is so fond of.' Miss JANE looked pitiful at her mamma, and her mamma looked 'sing' at Miss JANE; accordingly she squared herself for a song. She brought her hands into a capus this time in fine style, and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each other: then commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly, and the left responding bass very loudly. The conference had been kept up until we began to desire a change on the subject, when our ears caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss JANE; they seemed to be a compound of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccough, it appeared to us, as interpreters between the right and left. Things had progressed in this way for about fifteen seconds, when we happened to direct our attention to Mr. ROSS. His eyes were closed, his head swung gracefully from side to side, a beam of heavenly complacency rested on his countenance, and his whole man gave irresistible demonstrations that Miss JANE's music had made him feel good all over. We resolved, from this contemplation of Mr. ROSS's transport, to see whether we could extract from the performance any thing intelligible, when Miss JANE made a fly-catching grab at half-a-dozen keys in a row, and the same instant she fetched a long, dull, hill-cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grappled at as many keys with the left. This came over ROSS like a warm bath, and over us like a rack of bamboo-briers. Our nerves had not recovered until Miss JANE repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squeal of a pinched cat. This threw us into an ague-fit, but from respect to the performer, we maintained our position. She now made a third grasp with her right, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, she clawed it, she scraped it. Her neck-veins swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, she cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech-owl, when we took the St. VITUS's dance and rushed out of the room. 'Goodness!' said a by-stander, 'if this be her *singing*, what must be her *crying*?' —

FRIENDS, correspondents, public and private, you *must* pardon our 'short-comings.' We have been 'making book,' and working otherwise without stint; with little leisure to answer personal correspondents, and *none* to answer merely literary ones. Communications in prose and verse, from esteemed friends and favorite contributors, crowd our port-folios, and 'bide their time'—the 'good time coming.' Touching various papers, evidently despatched hastily, and a decision as hastily desired, we beg to repeat, that we do not so consider manuscripts committed to our decision. And even upon new and carefully-written articles we wish to decide with discrimination. Often have we sat, with a 'dubious' paper in hand, hesitating for an hour whether to 'print or burn;' thinking of the fervent wishes of the writer, and the labor he had bestowed upon his production. Every part, every period, had been considered and re-considered, with unremitting anxiety. He had revised, corrected, expunged, again produced and again erased, with endless iteration. Points and commas themselves perhaps had been settled with repeated and jealous solicitude. All this may be, and yet one's article be indifferent in some respects, or positively objectionable as a whole. We must ask our friends the publishers also to 'bear with us yet a little.' - - - FIVE pages of 'Gossip' in type for our next: including pleasant Erie rail-road and Susquehanna reminiscences, sundry anecdotes, etc., etc. - - - FRIENDS EDITORIAL: if you *do* copy, please *credit*.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN,	283
II. THE POWER OF TRUTH: A POEM,	286
III. MILTON AND HOMER: A MONOGRAPH,	292
IV. THE WHITE-LAKE CREEK: A SKETCH,	296
V. REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD. BY RALPH ROANOKE,	297
VI. THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDES. BY L. J. BATES,	301
VII. SKETCH-BOOK OF ME, MEISTER KARL. BY CHARLES G. LELAND, ESQ.,	302
VIII. STANZAS: LIFE'S LESSONS,	305
IX. A BALLAD OF MEXICO. BY JAMES LINEN,	306
X. THE FUDGE PAPERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'REVERIES OF A BACHELOR,'	308
XI. THE RHYME OF THE DEPOT,	315
XII. A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS. BY 'VIATOR,'	316
XIII. STANZAS: OLD AGE,	327
XIV. LINES: 'PEBBLES.' BY EDWARD WILLETT,	328
XV. PAPERS FROM THE RED-TAPE BUNDLE,	329
XVI. 'TIS ONLY IN MY DREAMS.' BY J. CUNNINGHAM,	334
XVII. THE DYING CALIFORNIAN: AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH,	335
XVIII. TRANSCRIPTS FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF,	336
XIX. STANZAS: 'LUMEN ET NUMEN.' BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER, ESQ.,	340
XX. LINES ON THE 'ST. CROIX.' BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER, ESQ.,	341
XXI. BURNING OF THE STEAMER HENRY CLAY. BY AN EYE-WITNESS,	342
XXII. A MOTHER'S LAST PARTING,	344

LITERARY NOTICES :

1. BUCKINGHAM'S 'MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS,'	345
2. THE BOOK OF SNOBS: THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND. BY W. M. THACKERAY,	350
3. THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONGS,	351
4. HILDRETH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES,	352
5. GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF JAPAN,	352

EDITOR'S TABLE :

1. TRIBUTE TO THE LATE A. J. DOWNING,	353
2. RURAL LIFE UP THE RIVER: ANOTHER EPISTLE,	355
3. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	361
1. UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM THE ELDER ADAMS. 2. AN INTERCEPTED EPISTLE FROM 'RICHARD HAYWARDER.' LIFE IN THE CITY AND COUNTRY CONTRASTED: ASPIRATIONS. 3. SHANGHAI HENS 'AT THE BAR.' A DEFENCE OF BATS. 4. A TOUCHING SCENE FROM DICKENS'S 'BLEAK-HOUSE.' 5. OPENING OF THE 'BUFFALO AND NEW-YORK CITY RAIL-ROAD.' THE GREAT BRIDGE AT PORTAGE: COLONEL SEYMOUR, THE ENGINEER: BLOOMER'S DINNER AT 'THE BRIDGE.' 6. COLLECTING LETTERS: PAYING POSTAGE. 7. 'A CLUSTER OF CLOVER CURIOUSITIES' FROM A FRIEND IN SAINT LOUIS: AN ADROIT COMPLIMENT: 'DANDY IN WORDS.' A CHILD'S IDEA OF 'AMEN.' FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS: 'MRS. JOB.' AN ETHIOPIAN EXHORTER. 8. LETTER FROM A GEORGIA CORRESPONDENT: SOUTHERN PLANTERS: HOME INFLUENCES: CHILDREN. 9. A 'PRACTICAL YANKEE' AT NIAGARA. 10. NEW FANCY-STORE AT OSWEGO. 11. TEACHING CHILDREN AT HOME. 12. AN ENTOMOLOGICAL 'SHOOTING-STAR.' 13. GENIUS, HIS WAYS AND WARES. 14. POETRY WITHOUT RHYME: 'A NEW SONG IN PRAISE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE AMERICANS.' 'THE AMERICAN EAGLE.' 15. SINGULAR MATRIMONIAL MATCH-MAKING. 16. THE LONG-ISLAND MALAPROP: MRS. NEPPINS AND HER SON. 17. NOVEL QUESTION IN A DEBATING SOCIETY. 18. OUR PUBLISHER AGAIN 'ON HIS TRAVELS.' THE ST. LAWRENCE, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, AND LAKES CHAMPLAIN AND GEORGE. 19. A PLEASANT AQUATIC EXCURSION. 20. 'HONORS DECLINED.' A WORD TO 'R. P.' 21. A 'LADY MADE OF GOLD.' 22. BEAUTIFUL EPIGRAPH ON AN INFANT BORN OUT OF WEDLOCK. 23. A TRIUMPH IN RHYME. 24. REPORT TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE XENIA SPRINGS JOINT-STOCK ASSOCIATION: 'PROSPECTS' OF THAT 'INSTITUTION.' 25. MADAM BISHOP AT ZANESVILLE, OHIO. 26. RATIFICATION OF A COLORED CLERGYMAN. 27. LOVE-VERSES WITH 'A DYING FALL.' 28. 'TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK' IN A SICK CHAMBER. 29. PRESIDENT FILMORE AND THE NEGRO WAGER. 30. A HINT TO 'GOLD-DIGGER' WHICH HE WILL UNDERSTAND. 31. A 'MEDICAL BLUNDER.' 32. THE 'BUFFALO DAILY COURIER.' 33. DENNIS'S 'DICKINSON-HOUSE' AT CORNING: A DAGUERREOTYPE GROUP. 34. ANECDOTAL REMINISCENCES OF THE BENCH AND BAR OF VERMONT: CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE: JUSTICE TURNER: JUDGE MATTOCKS. 35. A 'MAINE LAW' JUDGE IN MISSISSIPPI. 36. 'TALK ON ANTIQUITY.' 37. A LITTLE TOUCH OF 'THE MOTHER.' WEANING A BABY. 38. 'INTERESTING' TO WAITING CORRESPONDENTS. 39. A MODERN POLITICAL ORATOR: LUCIDITY OF 'GENERAL PRINCIPLES.' 40. ADDRESS OF HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON BEFORE THE WASHINGTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION: 'THE GREAT' OF THE PIOUS DEAD. 41. NATIONAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS. 42. 'EXHILSPERATING THE HAITCH.' 43. BURKHARDT'S MASONIC ORATION. 44. DEFERRED BOOK, MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, AND OTHER NOTICES.	

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